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S E L E C T
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E N G L I S H S O N G S.
I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.
V O L U M E T H E F I R S T.



— APIS MATINÆ
MORE MODOQUE
GRATA CARPENTIS THYMA PER LABOREM
PLURIMUM.
HOR.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. JOHNSON in St. Pauls Church-yard.
MDCCLXXXIII.

LE



P R E F A C E.

PUBLICATIONS of this nature are already so numerous that, if a preface had not, on any other account, been necessary, something of the kind would, doubtless, have been required, by way of apology, for adding one more to the number, particularly under so plain and unalluring a title as that with which the present volumes are ushered into the world. Every work, however, should be its own advocate, and so must this, whatever may be here alledged in its favour.

Perhaps, indeed, if the above circumstance be viewed in a proper light, we shall find that the multiplicity of similar compilations afford rather an argument for, than an objection to an additional undertaking, upon an improved plan. There is not, it may be fairly asserted, any one language in the world possessed of a greater variety of beautiful and elegant pieces of lyric poetry than our own. But, so long as these beauties, this elegance, continue to be scattered abroad, suppressed, and (if one may be allowed the expression) buried alive, in a multitude of collections, consisting chiefly of compositions of the lowest, and most despicable nature; one or more being annually hashed up (*crambe repetita*) by needy retainers to the press, and the most modern being, always, infinitely the worst, (much of the one, and many of the other being, likewise, interspersed through books of a quite different cast, some of which are very voluminous, and others very scarce,) the greater part of this inestimable possession must, of course, remain altogether unknown to the generality of readers. For who, let his desires and his convenience be what they may, will think it worth his while to peruse, much less to purchase, two or three hundred volumes, merely because each of them may happen to contain a couple of excellent songs? Every one who wishes to possess a pearl, is not content to seek it in an ocean of mud.

Entirely, then, to remove every objection to which the subject is, at present, open; to exhibit all the most admired, and intrinsically excellent specimens of lyric poetry in the English language at one view; to promote real, instructive entertainment; to satisfy the critical taste of the judicious; to indulge the nobler feelings of the pensive; and to afford innocent mirth to the gay: has been the complex object of the present publication. How far it will answer these different purposes, must be submitted to time, and the judgement, taste, and candour of its various readers.

The editor is, however, aware that a late elegant collection, under the title of *Essays on Song-writing*, may be mentioned as an exception to every charge brought against preceding publications; and it, certainly, is very far from being his intencion to involve that work in the general reprobation. Neither, indeed, will the comparatively small number of songs which the ingenious compiler has, according to his own profession, been able to select, chiefly, perhaps, to illustrate his discourses on the subject; and introduce the original compositions; be, upon examination, found, unless in a very remote degree, to interfere with, or by any means to lessen the propriety of the present attempt.

In explaining the nature and methodical disposition of these volumes, it may not be impertinent to premise, that, as the collection, under the general title of *SONGS*, consists, not only of pieces strictly and properly so called, but likewise, though in great disproportion as to number, of *BALLADS* or mere narrative compositions, the word *SONG* will, in the course of this preface, be almost every where used in its confined sense; inclusive, however, of a few modern and sentimental ballads, which no reader of taste, it is believed, will be inclined to think out of place. Of the *SONGS*, therefor, in this sense, and as forming the bulk of the work, we are now to speak.

The plan which has been adopted with regard to these is a division or arrangement under the three heads or classes of *LOVE*, *DRINKING*, and *MISCELLANEOUS SONGS*.

SONGS. This, perhaps, is too natural an idea to be a novel one; but it does not appear to have been practised more than once or twice, and even then without either judgement or attention, and in compilations which have been long buried in oblivion. It would have required a very small share of sagacity in the editor, to have puzzled and surprised his readers with a new, fanciful, and intricate arrangement of his materials under a multiplicity of descriptions. By such ingenious contrivances, he might possibly have received the credit of trouble which he never took, and of difficulties which he never encountered; but how far his ingenuity would have benefited his readers, is a doubt which he does not find altogether so easy to solve. The general distribution which has been preferred was, it is confessed, simple and ready; but the interior order and disposition of the contents of each department is peculiar to the present volumes, and required more accuracy and attention than will, perhaps, be immediately conceived, or it is here meant to describe.

The first and principal division, which forms the subject matter for the whole of the present volume, is entirely confined to such pieces as are generally comprehended within the appellation and idea of LOVE SONGS. This part is subdivided into many inferior portions or classes, displaying or describing that sublime and noble, —that, sometimes, calm and delightful, —but more frequently violent, unfortunate, and dreadful passion, in all its various appearances, and with all its different effects, consequences, and connections. These objects are not, indeed, and neither necessity nor propriety seemed to require, or even allow, that they should be, pointed out in the different pages where they occur; but the attentive reader will easily perceive, on the slightest inspection, the particular subject of each class. This will be rendered more obvious and familiar by the elegant and characteristic designs which precede and terminate each division. And they who may choose to consider the above mode rather a fatigue than a pleasure, are here informed, that the subjects peculiar to Class I. are diffidence,
 b 2 admiration,

admiration, respect, plaintive tenderness, misplaced passion, jealousy, rage, despair, frenzy, and death: that in Class II. love is treated as a passion; with praise, contempt, reproach, satire, and ridicule: that Class III. exhibits the upbraidings, quarrels, reconciliations, indifference, levity, and inconstancy of lovers; and is closed by a few pieces, in which their misfortunes or most serious situations are attempted to be thrown into burlesque: that Class IV. is devoted, solely, to professions of love from the fair sex:—the moral to be drawn from the ill consequences of this passion being cherished in such tender bosoms, by the fatal instances of those unhappy fair ones who have suffered it to overcome their prudence, will be too obvious,—as it is too melancholy,—to escape observation, or to need enforcing: that Class V. turns entirely upon the chaste delights of mutual affection, and terminates with some beautiful representations of connubial felicity, and a few, not impertinent, admonitions to its bright creators. This arrangement, which is as comprehensive as it is particular, and will, it is hoped, be found to have been executed with all the care and attention so new and difficult a project could require, the editor wholly submits to the taste and judgment of his fair readers; who, he trusts, will receive the highest and most refined amusement, not without considerable instruction, from every part of the volume; which, certainly, contains a much greater number and variety of elegant and beautiful compositions on the above interesting subject than were ever attempted to be brought together in any former collection, or than it would be even possible for them elsewhere to meet with.

The second part, or first division of the other volume, comprises a small quantity of Anacreontics, *i. e.* Bacchanalian, or, with the readers permission, (and the title is not only more simple, but more general and proper) DRINKING SONGS; *chansons à boire*; most of which may be reasonably allowed to have merit in their way: but the editor will candidly own that he was not sorry to find every endeavour used to enlarge this part of the collection with credit, (and he may, probably, as it is, have been too indulgent)

indulgent) prove altogether fruitless: a circumstance, perhaps, which will, some time or other, be considered as not a little to the honour of the English muse.

The third and last division is composed of such pieces as do not fall within either of the above descriptions, and contains several truly valuable lyric compositions, both ancient and modern, on a variety of subjects. It will be regretted that the number could not be rendered more considerable.

Although no subdivision appeared necessary, or was, indeed, admissible, or even practicable, in these two last parts, the reader may yet perceive an attention to, and propriety in the arrangement and disposition of each, with which, it is presumed, he will not have reason to be displeased.

Throughout the whole of the first volume, the utmost care, the most scrupulous anxiety has been shewn to exclude every composition, however celebrated, or however excellent, of which the slightest expression, or the most distant allusion could have tinged the cheek of Delicacy, or offended the purity of the chastest ear. This abomination, so grossly perceptible in, almost, every preceding collection, and even where editors have disclaimed its countenance, or professed its removal, is here, it may be safely averred, for the first time, *reformed altogether*; the remotest inclination to such an offence being scarcely to be discovered, even in that quarter in which licentiousness has been so long suffered, nay expected, to reign without controul, and was, of course, with the greater difficulty restrained,—amongst the Bacchanalian songs; where, however, the editor is persuaded, no one of his fair readers, for whose perusal this part of the collection is, certainly, neither calculated nor intended, will seek to detect it. A former editor, a gentleman of taste and sentiment, has termed an execution of his duty in this respect, “a disagreeable piece of severity;” the present editor, however, far from having experienced any pangs of remorse on the occasion, wishes he could have had reason to glory in being

the instrument of destruction to the whole species of those insidious and infernal productions.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
 Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;
 Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield,
 And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field!
 Tho' specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,
 Tho' music charm in ev'ry labour'd line,
 The dang'rous verse to full perfection grown,
 Bavius might blush, and Quarles disdain to own.*

Most, if not all, of the pieces which form the three divisions already enumerated, will be found more accurately printed than in any former compilation; having been selected from the best editions of the works of their respective authors, and other approved and authentic publications, or corrected by a careful collation of numerous copies. There is another advantage, which the present collection possesses unrivaled, and that is, the great number of names of the real authors of the songs, prefixed to their respective performances.

By those who, in reading the present collection, shall happen to remark the careful omission of all Scottish songs, it may be expected that the editor should give some reasons why no pieces of that denomination, many of which are universally allowed to possess the highest degree of poetical merit, have been inserted. It might, perhaps, be sufficient, on this occasion, to plead the words of the title, which only promises ENGLISH Songs; but the editor is not, however, without a further, and, he would willingly hope, a more satisfactory apology; which is, an intention to present the public, at some future opportunity, with a much better and more perfect collection of songs ENTIRELY SCOTTISH, than any that has been hitherto attempted: he must, therefore, intreat the patience of such of his readers

* W. Whitehead.

as are disappointed by, or may happen to complain of the present omission, till such intended publication appear. In the mean time, should any pieces of Scottish extraction be discovered in these volumes, which there is every reason to think will not be the case, he has only to confess his ignorance of their origin, and to desire better information.

With respect to the lyric productions of our now sister-kingdom Ireland, the best of them have been generally esteemed and ranked as English songs, being few in number, and possessing no national, or other peculiar or distinguishing marks;* of these, however, the number is very few, and that which might be deemed the most exceptionable, the HUNTING SONG at page 168, vol. II. may be well pardoned on account of the superior excellence of its composition to most others on the same subject: this description of songs being, in general, as utterly void of poetry, sense, wit, or humour, as the practice they are intended to celebrate, whether it be the diversion of the prince or the peasant, is irrational, savage, barbarous, and inhuman†.

The

* The distinction between *Scottish* and *English* songs, it is conceived, arises—not from the language in which they are written, for *that* may be common to both, but—from the country to which they respectively belong, or of which their authors are natives. This discrimination does not so necessarily or properly apply to Ireland; great part of which was colonised from this kingdom, and the descendants of the settlers, the only civilised and cultivated inhabitants, have, consequently, been, ever since, looked upon as *English*: the native *Irish* being, to this day, a very different people. Every one has heard of the ENGLISH PALE.

† It is hoped, however, that the editors partiality for the truly classical performance which immediately precedes the last-mentioned song, will not be judged inconsistent with his abhorrence of its subject. He will avail himself of this opportunity to remark, as rather a whimsical circumstance, that both these pieces have been commonly attributed to the ingenious Mr. George Alexander Stevens; and, perhaps, with pretty equal justice: the first of them having been composed upwards of a century and a half ago, and the other not being inserted in his own publication of *Songs comic and satyrical*: the value of which work is not diminished by any transpositions from it into the present

The insertion of songs on political topics, the best of which are not only too temporary, but too partial to gain much applause when their subjects are forgotten, and their satire has lost its force, has here been studiously avoided. A composition, however, so humourously pointed as the VICAR OF BRAY, or so elegant and pathetic as HOSIERS GHOST, may safely bid defiance to both age and oblivion: the one will continue to move our tenderest passions, and the other to excite a hearty laugh, so long as the language in which they are written shall be more than a name.

Songs on what is called Freemasonry seemed calculated rather to disgrace than to embellish the collection. The most favourite and admired compositions on this strange subject must necessarily appear absurd, conceited, enigmatic, and unintelligible, to those who have not had the supreme happiness to be initiated into the hallowed mysteries of this venerable society: and they who have will know where to find them.

Several pieces of some antiquity and great merit being here and there inserted, it has been attempted to point them out to the reader, by affixing the signature O. (old) to those which appear to have been composed, or rather first published, within the course of the last century; and the letters V. O. (very old) to such as were printed before its commencement; unless the name of the author served to ascertain the age of his song with greater propriety. The orthography of the whole collection will, however, it is believed, (except in a single instance*) be found reduced to a modern, correct and uniform standard throughout; so far, at least, as established corruptions, and natural prejudice would easily permit. It may be, likewise, proper to remark that there is no one song here published, which was not in print before, although most of the manuscript

preserved collection; though many of his spirited Bacchanalian lyrics would have done it the utmost credit, had the editor thought himself at liberty to make use of them.

* Song LII. Part II.

collections

collections in the Harleian and other libraries in the Museum were carefully consulted for materials, without any other success than as they sometimes afforded an improved reading, of which the editor has in a very few places, where emendation was absolutely necessary, availed himself. It is not, however, by this meant to assert that no unpublished lyric poetry is to be met with in the above noble repositories: there is a prodigious quantity: but not a single stanza occurred of sufficient merit to mingle with the elegancies of the present collection. It would not, perhaps, have been difficult to have procured original pieces in any number; but the editor could not, consistently with his respect for the public, obtrude upon them a single line, which had not been already stamped with their approbation, or on the merits of which they had not had an opportunity to decide. This collection does not, therefore, any way interfere with a publication of such songs as have not hitherto been communicated from the press.

What is already said has been entirely confined to the three first parts of the collection; of PART THE FOURTH, therefore, a considerable, at least interesting portion of the work, not to be found in any former compilation of this nature, it still remains to be spoken. This department is engrossed by a select number, indeed ALL THE BEST, of our old popular tragic legends, and historical or heroic ballads: the genuine effusions of the English muse, unadulterated with the sentimental refinements of Italy or France. And without these (which would by no means assimilate or mix with the more polished contents of the preceding divisions) the collection, as professedly designed to comprehend every species of singing poetry, would, doubtless, have been imperfect. Every piece in this class has been transcribed from some old copy, generally in black letter; and has, in most cases, been collated with various others, preserved in different repositories. Many of them, however, it must be confessed, are printed in the *Reliques of ancient English*

English Poetry; a work which may, perhaps, be by some thought to have precluded every future attempt. But, in truth, there is not the least rivalry or even connection, between the two publications. And, indeed, if the contrary had been the case, the inaccurate, and sophisticated manner in which every thing that had real pretensions to antiquity, has been printed by the right reverend editor of that admired and celebrated work, would be a sufficient apology for any one who might undertake to publish more faithful, though, haply, less elegant copies*. No liberties, beyond a necessary modernisation of the orthography, have been taken with the language of these antique compositions, unless in a few instances, where a manifest blunder of the press at once required and justified the correction. The reader must be, therefor, content to take them, as they were probably written,—at least, as they have come down to us,—

With all their imperfections on their head.

The arrangement of this part of the collection is, in miniature, as near as could be, that of the first and third. The names of authors could not be prefixed, because they are unknown in most instances, and only imperfectly guessed at in the rest. Nor has the editor made any attempt to ascertain or distinguish their different ages;

* The truth of this charge, which will not, it is believed, much surprise any person conversant in the illustrious editors authorities, may, on some future occasion, be more minutely exemplified, and satisfactorily proved. It will be, here, sufficient to observe, that frequent recourse has, in compiling materials for the present volumes, been necessarily had to many of the originals from which the *Reliques* are professedly printed; but not one has, upon examination, been found to be followed with either fidelity or correctness. That the above work is beautiful, elegant, and ingenious, it would be ridiculous to deny; but they who look into it to be acquainted with the state of ancient poetry, will be miserably disappointed or fatally misled. Forgery and imposition of every kind, ought to be universally execrated, and never more than when they are employed by persons high in rank or character, and those very circumstances are made use of to sanctify the deceit.

a task,

a task, perhaps, unnecessary, certainly, impossible. The reader, not better informed, must, therefor, remain satisfied with this general assertion: That there is no reason to conclude any of them much older than the latter part of the reign of queen Elizabeth, nor any more modern than the time of king Charles the first.

A TUNE is so essentially requisite to perfect the idea which is, in strictness and propriety, annexed to the term SONG, in its most extensive sense, that every compilation of this nature which does not, together with the words or poetical part of the songs, likewise include their respective melodies or tunes, in the character appropriated to the expression of musical language, must necessarily be defective and incomplete. That this character is not familiar or intelligible to the general eye can be no objection. It is, indeed, much to be lamented that it is not rendered more so, by becoming an established branch of education. There are, however, many to whom the perusal of music is not more difficult, or less delightful, than the reading of poetry: and few, very few, are so unfortunate as to be incapable of perceiving the force and beauty of the language conveyed by these technical characters, when communicated to the ear. Most people can either sing, whistle or hum some favourite air; and is not that ignorance to be lamented which does not permit them to read and write what they can thus utter? No apology is, therefor, necessary for the most useful and essential appendix subjoined to the present volumes, even to those who do not understand it; because they may easily receive the full benefit of it from those who do; and the latter will, it is imagined, be too sensible of its use and value to require one. Every reader, at all acquainted with the nature of this part of the undertaking, must be sufficiently aware of the pains necessarily used to amass such an unexampled number of original and authentic tunes; many of which are the production of the most eminent characters of the musical world, and display the sublimest efforts of genius. Readers of this description will, likewise,

likewise, have the candour to make every proper allowance for whatever defects may be discovered in the musical part of the work. The difficulties to be surmounted in the compilation were great: many of the old melodies (especially those of the ancient ballads) are, it is to be feared, irrecoverably lost; and, of later compositions, some have never been sent to the press, and others, which have, are not now to be obtained but by mere accident. This excuse is, however, somewhat more extensive than the nature and circumstances of the case seem to demand; as, it is believed, much fewer and less considerable omissions will occur than could reasonably have been expected. There are not many preceding publications which have made this their object; and a competition from these is not at all dreaded.

To such fair readers as may complain of the want of a bass part for their harpsichords, the editor will beg permission to say, that, had it been practicable, however inconsistent with the design of the work, so earnest was his desire to render it of the utmost service to them, he would have thought no trouble too great in procuring their gratification in this particular. But they will be pleased to remember, that most of the old melodies are without any accompaniment; that to others the bass has been added by different and inferior composers (a liberty which may still be taken for the accommodation of those who require it); and that the sole object of this compilation was the voice and song, to which the bass would have been of no service. For a similar reason, no regard has been paid to any symphony or harmony, or to the compass of any particular instrument.

It may not be impertinent to take notice, that several of the most eminent musical composers have frequently indulged themselves in great and unwarrantable liberties with the poetry they have set: among these, none has offended more than the late dr. Arne, whose own professional excellence might have better taught him the respect due to that of another, and mr. Jackson of Exeter, who has even gone so far as to prefix to one of his publications

fications a formal defence of the freedoms he has exercised upon the unfortunate bards who have fallen into his clutches: it is well known, however, that this ingenious gentleman has increased neither his moral nor his scientific character by such reprehensible and illiberal practices. Wherever a restoration of the original words could be effected without injuring, or creating any material variation in the music, they have been, uniformly, replaced; but, as this could not be always done, the reader will not be surprised at, sometimes, finding a few words in the musical, different from those in the poetical part of the collection. On all occasions, however, where the alterations were violent and injudicious, the tune was totally omitted; and this, perhaps, would have been the method observed with all those musical compositions in which the authors vanity has led him to attempt improvements upon the most finished performances of real poets, had not the superior excellence of the melody pleaded too forcibly for their retention.

The types here made use of presented the only mode of printing the music which could be adopted. The reader may be surprised to learn that, in this great kingdom, where all arts and sciences are supposed to flourish in their highest perfection, there is not, perhaps, above one printer possessed of a sufficient quantity of these useful characters, and that of no other size. They who are acquainted with the degree of elegance to which this and every other branch of the typographical art are arrived upon the continent, or have even looked into that most beautiful specimen of it, the *ANTHOLOGIE FRANÇOISE*, will have sufficient reason to condemn that purblind and selfish policy which can restrain and prevent all emulation in science in favour of a private monopoly.

Impelled by no lucrative or unworthy motives, the publisher of the present volumes has been solely careful to do justice to the work; a purpose, to effect which neither labour nor expence has been spared. And he is vain enough to flatter himself that the public will have
now

now in their possession, what has been so long wanted, so much desired, so frequently attempted, and hitherto, he thinks, so imperfectly executed, A NATIONAL REPOSITORY OF MELODY AND SONG. The intrinsic value of the work, in both respects, will be left to pronounce its own eulogium. The editor is, indeed, answerable for what may be deemed injudiciously preserved, or unjustly discarded. But, whatever may be the defects of any of the poetical or musical compositions he has inserted, he can safely aver that not a single performance of either kind was wilfully rejected without the most deliberate consideration. And, though he is conscious of having exerted his utmost endeavours to recover every song and melody of merit, he will not be forward to affirm that those endeavours have, in every instance, been crowned with success. Some few compositions there may undoubtedly be (for it is scarcely possible there should be many) which have eluded his researches, and with which he must be contented to refer his acquaintance to time, accident, more extensive enquiry, or liberal communication. The collection, as it is, will, it is hoped, be found infinitely superior, in every respect, to any publication of the like nature which has been yet offered to the public, to whose justice and candour it is resigned with pleasure; in a full confidence, that they will not think either that it is unworthy of their acceptance, or that too much has been here urged in its praise.

A HISTORICAL

A

HISTORICAL ESSAY

ON THE

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS

OF

NATIONAL SONG.

§ 1. **SONG**, in its most general acceptation, is defined to be the expression of a sentiment, sensation or image, the description of an action, or the narrative of an event, by words differently measured, and attached to certain sounds, which we call melody or tune (1).

All writers agree that Song is the most ancient species of poetry. Its origin is even thought to be coeval with mankind (2): to sing and dance seeming almost as natural to men as the use of speech and walking. Hence we find the dance and the song wherever we find society; in the least polished, or most savage nations (3). It is assumed as a fact by a very learned and ingenious writer of our own country, that the manners of a rude

(1) The inhabitants of most countries have different classes or orders of Songs, to which they generally adapt particular names. With us, songs of sentiment, expression, or even description, are properly termed **SONGS**, in contradistinction to mere narrative compositions, which we now denominate **BALLADS**. A similar idea is adopted by the Spaniards: and, in France, every division almost of which the subject is capable has an appellation peculiar to it.

(2) Burneys History of Music, I. 311.

(3) M. M. de Querlon, Memoire sur la Chanson. (Antho. Fran.)

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ii A HISTORICAL ESSAY

and uncultivated people, must in all ages have been the same (4). We are, therefore, to look for the simplicity of the remotest periods among the savage tribes of America, at present; or at least before they were civilised—perhaps corrupted—by their commerce with Europeans. We find that these nations have their war-song, their death-song (5), songs for the chase,

(4) Brown, History of Poetry and Music. *passim*.

(5) It is a custom with the American savages to put to death the prisoners they take in war by the most lingering and exquisite torments. There it is the height of heroism for the victim to bear with apparent insensibility. During a series of excruciating tortures, of which a European can scarcely form the idea, he sings aloud a song, wherein he strives to aggravate the wrath of his enemies, by recounting the injuries and disgraces they have suffered from him and his nation; derides their tortures, as only adapted to the frame and resolution of children; and expresses his joy in passing with so much honour to the land of spirits. Of one of these songs the following *stanzas*, which are handed about in manuscript, and have not, it is believed, already appeared in print, are said to be a translation. This may, perhaps, turn out not to be the case; but, whatever becomes of the authenticity of the composition, it cannot well be denied that the writer has treated the real subject in a manner equally spirited and beautiful.

THE DEATH-SONG OF A CHEROKEE INDIAN.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away:
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why so slow?—Do you think I will shrink from the pain?
No!—the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast,—you creak in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

ON NATIONAL SONG. 漢

to their mistresses, and, above all, those in which they extol the gallant actions of their ancient heroes. When the island of Hispaniola was first discovered by the Spaniards, the employment of the natives, as we learn from an almost contemporary writer, consisted chiefly in acquiring a knowledge of their origin and history, and particularly of the noble acts of their ancestors both in peace and war. "These two thynges," says he, "they haue of olde tyme composed in certayne myters and ballettes in theyr language. These rymes or ballettes they call *Areitos*. And as our mynstrelles are accustomed to syng to the Harpe or Lute, so do they in lyke maner syng these songes, and daunce to the same, playing on Timbrels made of shels of certaine fishes. They haue also songes and ballettes of loue, and other of lamentations and mournyng, some also to encourage them to the warres, with euery of them theyr tunes agreeable to the matter (6)." Here we see the practice of mankind in the infancy of creation. How curious, how pleasing would it be to be made acquainted with the genuine effusions of the human mind in this state of nature and simplicity! And how fortunate is it, that Montaigne has preserved an original Caribbean song, which he does not hesitate to declare worthy of Anacréon! The reader will not be displeased to see it.

"O Snake, stay; stay, O snake, that my sister may draw, from the pattern of thy painted skin, the fashion and work of a rich ribbon; which I mean to present to my mistress: so may thy beauty and thy disposition be preferred to all other serpents. O snake, stay, &c." (7)

(6) Peter Martyr, History of Travaile in the E. and W. Indies, &c. by R. Eden, 1577. 4to. b. 1. Decade 3. fo. 139, b. The practice of the native Americans is much the same. See Lafitau, Mœurs des Sauvages, tom. ii. Brown, c. 2. The Peruvians were a polished people, and with them melody and song were in great perfection. Garcilasso de la Vega, in his Royal Commentaries of Peru, informs us, that their fabulous and other songs were innumerable; and professes to have compiled great part of his history from the old national ballads.

(7) Essays, B. 1. C. 30. M. de Querlon,

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It is, perhaps, as M. de Querlon ingeniously observes, the first time that the idea of a serpent gave rise to a piece of gallantry.

In the earliest ages of mankind, the chief employment of all ranks was the care of their flocks and herds; hence the first songs were, doubtless, on the most natural of subjects, Love, Beauty, Innocence, the surrounding images, and the charms of a pastoral life. And, indeed, as an ingenious writer (8) has justly remarked, the ideas of sweetness, tenderness, and simplicity, are so strongly annexed to the pastoral song, that, in all countries, whether they have had shepherds or not, songs, in imitation of what theirs were at least supposed to be, have always been most numerous, popular, and pleasing. In process of time, when superstition and gratitude had created gods and heroes, their praises became a favourite topic. Wine too, we may be sure, as soon as it was known, would, while it inspired the song, have its share in the praises of the poet.

The most ancient nations of the world, the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Arabians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Asiatic Indians, are all known to have had the use of song (9). The first of these, as we have it on the testimony of Herodotus (10), had, in his time, a mournful or elegiac song, called, from its subject, *Maneros*, which they had retained from the most remote antiquity. Lyric or singing poetry has been, likewise, cultivated among the Chinese, time immemorial (11).

Song, in Greece, is supposed to have preceded the use of letters. It was, in the earliest ages, the only method they had to transmit from father to son what it was the national interest not to forget (12). The songs of the most ancient Greek Lyrists were, perhaps, the principal, if not the only, sources of information to their oldest histo-

(8) M. de la Nause. See below.

(9) M. de Querlon.

(10) Euterpe.

(11) M. de Querlon.

(12) M. de la Nause, *Memoire sur les Chansons de l'ancienne Grèce.* (Hist. de l'Acad. ix. 320.)

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rians (13). But the origin and use of song were, doubtless, the same in Greece as they have been every where else.

The Arcadian shepherds, so famous among the ancients, were the first songsters of Greece. This country, fertile in fiction, gave birth to the Muses in Thessaly, from the amours of Jupiter, in the disguise of a shepherd, and Mnemosyne. At first there were no more than three : they were afterwards multiplied to nine. Each had her department, and Polyhymnia presided over song (14).

Linus is supposed to have been the first lyric poet of any consequence in Greece. He was the master of Orpheus, Thamyris, and Hercules. The last was extremely dull and obstinate, and his master being once provoked to strike him, the hero instantly seized the musicians lyre, and beat his brains out with his own instrument (15).

Plutarch, from Heraclides of Pontus, mentions certain dirges as composed by Linus; and his death gave rise to a number of songs, in honour of his memory, being annually bewailed by a solemn custom. To this ceremony Homer is supposed to allude by the following lines in his description of the shield of Achilles:

To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain. POPE (16).

Hence the mournful song or lamentation obtained the names of *Linos* and *Aelinos*.

Orpheus is, next to Linus, the most ancient and venerable name among the poets and musicians of Greece. He was an adventurer in the expedition of the Argonauts (17), and not only excited them to row, by the sound of his lyre, but vanquished and put to silence the Sirens by the superiority of his strains (18).

(13) Burney, l. 357.

(14) M. de Querlon.

(15) Burney, l. 319.

(16) Idem, l. 319, 320.

(17) Near 1300 years before Christ.

(18) Burney, l. 320.

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The Sirens were supernaturals, of an inferior order, half women and half birds. They inhabited the coast of Sicily, and made it their business, by alluring songs, to draw ignorant or unwary navigators toward the shore, where their vessels bulged upon sharp rocks, and were swallowed up by violent whirlpools. At the instigation of the goddess Juno, they challenged the Muses to a trial of skill; and, being vanquished, their antagonists plucked the golden feathers from their wings, and made them into crowns for their own heads (19). Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, relates his adventure with them, and gives the song they used to seduce him.

All know how the songs of Orpheus mollified the iron heart of Pluto, when he ventured into the infernal dominions to regain his wife. This poet abstained from animal food, in order, as it has been supposed, to induce the barbarous Thracians, whom he attempted to civilise, to abolish the diabolical practice of eating human flesh (20). His endeavours to reform these monsters do not, however, appear to have been attended with much success; as neither his philosophy nor his poetry was able to protect him from the savage fury of the Thracian Bacchantes,

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore (21)?

The most ancient Greek songs, now known, are said to be of magic and incantation; and of these some have been ascribed to Orpheus.

Music and song made a principal part of every festive entertainment among the ancient Greeks. The custom of singing at table is frequently alluded to by Homer,

(19) Burney, I. 307. These ladies seldom used their victories with much lenity: Thamyris having had the arrogance to contend with them, they punished his temerity with the loss of his sight. I. 323,

(20) *Idem*.

(21) *Lycidas*.

who is even thought to have written not only the *Iliad* and *Odysey*, but a number of other poems, to be sung at feasts, by himself or others, to the sound of the lyre. Nor is it the least derogation to the father of poetry to be found in this character. The bards or chanters of ancient Greece were treated with the highest respect, and even regarded as persons divinely inspired (22). Neither does this distinction appear to have arisen more from their extraordinary talents, than from their exemplary virtues. Agamemnon leaves one of them as the properest guardian or monitor of his wife Clytemnestra; that she, by continually hearing sung the praises of women, eminent for their chastity and goodness, might continue virtuous through emulation. Nor could *Ægisthus* corrupt her till he had dispatched the musician in a desert island (23).

The poetical part of the song, the melody, and the dance, are frequently represented, in ancient authors, as one and the same thing, and were certainly called by one and the same name. We find the youths in Homer dancing to the song. In the warlike dance, one youth strikes the lyre, others sing the song, the rest dance. The dance was in imitation of the things expressed in the words of the song. A ceremony which Xenophon in his *Expedition*, relates to have been practised at the feast of *Seuthes* the Thracian (24).

Songs for the table, however, were by much the most numerous. Originally it should seem that, after the repast, all the guests sung, either together, or in their turns. The custom was, in the latter case, for the singer to hold in his hand a branch of myrtle, which was passed from one to another, according to the rank or station they occupied at table (25).

Afterwards, when the lyre was introduced, and singing required more than ordinary talents, that instrument,

(22) Burney, I. 357.

(23) Athenæus, p. 14.

(24) Athenæus, p. 15. where is a curious account of a warlike dance.

(25) M. de la Nauge.

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with, perhaps, the myrtle, was sent to those only who were of distinguished merit, or known to possess the requisite abilities, wherever they might happen to be placed (26). Hence it was that, from the irregular situation of the performers, the songs obtained the name of *Scolia*, or unequal, a term afterwards applied to songs in general. This practice is said to have been invented by Terpander, who flourished in the twenty-fifth Olympiad, *i. e.*, about 680 years before Christ. Perhaps the time of that poet was only the æra of its commencement.

Athenæus tells us, that the *Scolia* were originally sung after the common songs by ordinary persons were over; for then, says he, it was the custom for each wise man to produce some elegant song; and it was admired as elegant, if it contained some precept or sentiment useful in life (27).

These *Scolia* were on all subjects; but chiefly on those of love and wine. That "Love inspires music and poetry," was a celebrated sentiment among the Greeks, and makes the subject of a question in Plutarch (28). The learned Frenchman, who has treated this difficult subject with a degree of comprehension and perspicuity not easily paralleled in similar disquisitions (29), has arranged them under the following heads: 1. Moral, 2. Mythological and historical, 3. Common and ordinary subjects. Of all which, sufficient specimens, either entire or in fragments, are preserved by Athenæus and other ancient writers.

The most famous and pleasing writers of *Scolia* on love, wine, and good cheer, are Alcæus and Anacreon. "Sing me," says a character in Aristophanes comedy of the *Banqueters*, "Sing me," says he, "one of the

(26) It has been thought by some that when a guest declined to receive the lyre, from a want of skill, they immediately sent him a myrtle branch, to which he was, in that case, obliged to sing. Hence, it is said, to bid a man "sing to the myrtle," became a common proverbial expression; implying that he wanted learning or eloquence to mingle in the conversation of men of letters and genius. Erasmus Adagia, 947. See also Potters Antiquities of Greece, II. 403.

(27) l. 15. p. 693.

(28) M. de la Nauze.

(29) Idem.

"*Scolia*

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"*Scolia* of Alcæus or Anacreon." The former, in one of his songs, recommends, in general,—to drink in all seasons of the year, and in all situations of life (30). The lyric rhapsodies of Anacreon are well known; they are pure *Scolia*, and every thing we can imagine the most perfect and elegant songs on those subjects should be. But, however excellent or admirable the compositions of this great poet are, we ought not to suppose that he was without a rival. The following song, preserved by Athenæus (31), is altogether in his best spirit.

Quaff with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join;
With me love the blooming fair,
Crown with me thy flowing hair;
When sweet madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without controul;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

Praxilla, a learned Sicyonian lady, composed a great number of historical *Scolia*, of which, though she was much admired on this account, scarce any now remain.

Among the *Scolia* of this description, few are so frequently mentioned, or so much applauded by ancient writers, as those in praise of Harmodius and Aristogiton, whose story is shortly this. Hipparchus, one of the sons and successors of Pisistratus, who had usurped the regal power in Athens, having publicly insulted the sister of Harmodius, he, in conjunction with his friend Aristogiton, slew the tyrant at the Panathenæan games: an event which was the signal to the Athenians to recover their liberty (32). These songs appear to have been numerous. One of them, beginning, "There was never an Athenian," is mentioned by Aristophanes, in his comedy of the *Wasps*, where it is proposed to be sung at table by the old man's son. But the most celebrated is, undoubtedly, that preserved by Athenæus, of which the following is a translation. The author is supposed to be one Callistratus, whom the present bishop of

(30) M. de la Nauze.

(31) l. 15.

(32) Burney, l. 469.

London

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London has pronounced an ingenious poet and excellent citizen (33).

In myrtle leaves I'll wear my sword,
As did Harmodius and his friend so true,
What time the tyrant king they slew,
And freedom to her seat restor'd.
Thou, lov'd Harmodius, art not dead;
Thou to the Happy Isles art fled;
Where Peleus' son, as poets tell,
And matchless Diomedes dwell.
With myrtle leaves my sword array,
Like dear Harmodius and his friend so true,
What time the tyrant king they slew,
Upon Minerva's festival day.
Bless'd youths! with endless glory crown'd,
The world your praises shall resound,
Because the tyrant king ye slew,
And Athens freedom gain'd by YOU (34).

The song of Eriphanis, addressed to her lover Menalcas, called *Nemion*;—of Calyce, whose story resembles that of Sappho;—and of Harpalyce, were famous love songs among the Greeks, but are now lost (35).

The moral and miscellaneous *Scolia*, according to dr. Burney, are wonderfully simple and insipid. He gives a literal version of one, which does not, it must be confessed, appear to have any extraordinary merit. It is this: (but the latter part, which is less intelligible, and, indeed, appears to labour under some considerable mistake, is not translated by dr. Burney:)

“ Son of Telamon, warlike Ajax! they say you are the bravest of the Grecians who came to Troy, next to A-

(33) *De sacra Poesi*. The learned prelate spiritedly adds, that such a song in the mouths of the people of Rome after the death of Cæsar, would have been of more service than all Cicero's Philippics. “ *Plus meberecula valuisse,*” says he, “ *unum 'Αρματοῦ μελὸς quàm Ciceronis 'Philippicæ omnes.*”

(34) A different, and far from inelegant, version may be read in dr. Burney's history (I. 469). The ingenious author is, however, (though supported by the authority of Casaubon) certainly mistaken, in considering the song as two distinct fragments.

(35) *M. de la Nausée*

“ chilles,

"chilles. [They say that Telamon was the first and Ajax the second who came to Troy, next to Achilles.]"

Another, of which, as the same ingenious writer pleasantly observes, neither the poetry nor morality is very exalted, runs thus :

"He who does not betray his friend, has great honour both with gods and men,—in my opinion (36)."

Alcman was one of the first and most eminent composers of songs upon love and gallantry. He is said to have banished hexameters, and adopted a short measure for his verses, which, from being sung to the lyre, afterwards obtained the name of lyrics. He sung his airs to the sound of the flute. A few fragments of his numerous and celebrated compositions are imagined to be still extant (37).

Simonides, a famous bard, who flourished about the year 500 before Christ, composed songs of victory and triumph for the conquerors at public games. His poetry was so tender and plaintive, that he was called *Melicertes*, sweet as honey; and the tearful eye of his Muse was proverbial. A beautiful fragment of this poet is preserved by Dionysius of Halicarnassus (38).

We may likewise rank Pindar in the list of writers of *Scolia*, not on account of his odes, which, though written for, and sung to the lyre, are undoubtedly no songs, but on the authority of Athenæus, who has inserted pieces of that description under his name.

Sappho's elegance as a poetess is too well known to need mentioning here. The fragment preserved by Longinus, of which Mr. Philips has given so happy a

(36) The author of this *Scolium*, does not, however, on consulting Athenæus, appear to have had perfect justice done him.

"Alas! alas! Lipfydrium, betrayer of thy friends, what heroes thou hast destroyed, men brave in battle, and lovers of their country, who then shewed from what ancestors they sprung. The man who betrays not his friend, deserves, in my opinion, great glory among men and gods."——Lipfydrium was a place in Attica, of which the Alcmaeonidae, (the family or relations of the patriot Megacles) took possession, and fortified it against the Pisistratidae, the usurping sovereigns of Athens. The former were routed with great slaughter.

(37) Burney, I. 357.

(38) Idem, I. 995.

translation,

translation, as well as her beautiful address to Venus, is a pure *Scolium*: as is likewise Aristotles hymn to Virtue, a composition which has been always admired.

Almost every profession in Greece seems to have had a song peculiar to it. Thus Athenæus mentions the songs of the slaves grinding in the mill, of the gleaners, of the nurses, of the labourers going into the fields, of the bath-keepers, of the bakers, of persons tending cattle, &c. (39) We have likewise some account of those of the shepherds, the reapers, and those who got in the harvest, and trod out the corn, of the water-drawers, of the millers, of the weavers, of the carders or dressers of wool, of children, &c. &c. (40) Fragments of some are still preserved (41). The Greeks had likewise songs adapted to particular circumstances or ceremonies, as festivals, courtship, marriage, funerals, joy, sorrow, &c. (42)

There were among these people, as there are with us, blind men, who begged from door to door, singing. Athenæus, from Phoenix of Colophon, an iambic poet, has preserved one of their songs (43), of which the reader has here a poetical version. It must be premised, that the singer carried a raven on his hand, which he calls *Corone* (the Greek name for that bird), and for which he affected to beg.

Ye who to sorrows tender tale
With pity lend an ear,
A tribute to Corone bring,
Apollon's favourite care (44).

(39) p. 618, 619.

(40) M. de la Nauze.

(41) The very nature and use of these songs would undoubtedly require great simplicity. Thales remembered to have heard a female slave of Lesbos singing the grinders' song as she turned the mill. It began thus: "Grind mill, grind, for Pittacus, king of Great Mitylene, likewise 'grinds.'" This monarch, it is said, using that exercise on account of his health.

(42) *Athe.* p. 619. M. de la Nauze.

(43) l. 8. p. 3:9.

(44) The raven was sacred to this god. It was once white, and of a beautiful figure, but, having too officiously reported the disloyalty of his mistress Coronis, whom he, in consequence of that information, hastily killed with an arrow, was rewarded by its present hue and appearance.

Or

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Or barley-sheaf, or salt, or bread,
Corone shall receive,
Or clothes or wheat---what every one
May best afford to give.

Who now bring salt, some future time,
Will honey-combs prepare;
For most Coronas taste delights
Such humble, homely fare.

Ye servants, open wide the door,
But, hark,---the wealthy lord
Has heard,---his daughter brings the fruit
To grace Coronas board.

Ye gods! let suitors come from far,
To win the lovely maid;
And may she gain a wealthy youth
With every grace array'd,

Soon may she give an infant son
To bless her fathers arms,
And place upon her mothers knee
A daughter full of charms.

O may she live to see her son
With every honour crown'd;
Her daughter, beautys fairest flower,
Belov'd by all around:

While I, where'er my footsteps guide
My darken'd eyes along,
Chear those who give, and who refuse,
With---all I have---a song.

These men, it seems, were called *Coronistæ*, and their songs *Coronismata*. There was at Rhodes another sort of beggars, called *Chelidonistæ*, who carried a swallow with them, and are mentioned, according to Athenæus, by Theognis, in his second book of the Rhodian sacrifices, where he says this manner of singing, which was in the month of *Boedromion* (nearly answering to our September), was so called from the custom of exclaiming: "The swallow, the swallow is come, bringing pleasant seasons, and pleasant years, with her white breast and black back. Why do you not prepare cakes of rich figs, and a cup of wine" and

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“ and a plate of cheese and wheat?—Nor does the swallow
 “ reject the cake of eggs. Must we go, or shall we get any
 “ thing from you? You had better give us something. If
 “ you do not, we will never let you alone. We will carry
 “ away either the door or the lintel, or the woman who is
 “ sitting within. She is little,—we shall easily carry her
 “ away. If you bring us any thing, let it be something
 “ great. Open, open the doors to the swallow:—for we
 “ are not old men, but boys (45).”

§ 2. “What nature was to the Greeks, the Greeks were to
 “ the Romans; as the natives of Greece had no other ex-
 “ ample than nature herself to follow, for no nation with
 “ which they had any intercourse, was learned and po-
 “ liced before them,” is the judicious observation of a
 French author (46). The Romans appear not, however, in
 the article of song, to have profited much by the instruc-
 tions of their accomplished teachers. Indeed the history
 of musical poetry among this great people is extraordi-
 narily barren. The inhabitants of Latium, like those of
 all other countries, must have possessed songs of some sort or
 other; but none of them has had the good fortune to
 come down to us. Ennius refers their most ancient songs
 to the *Fauns*, by which, as an ingenious French writer,
 often quoted, acutely observes, he has well marked their
 rural origin.

Horace is the only Latin lyric with whose works we are
 acquainted. Most of his odes are real songs, which he
 is supposed to have sung either at table with his friends,
 to his mistresses, or in societies where men of pleasure
 used to assemble (47).

The soldiers had their war-songs and lampoons, which
 they sung in triumphs, and on other public occasions.
 One of the latter, upon Cæsar, is noticed by Suetonius.

In a war with the Sarmatæ, Aurelianus, a foldier of for-
 tune, whose bravery afterwards raised him to the purple,
 slew, in the space of a few hours, with his own hand,
 950 of the enemy. This exploit well deserved a song.

(45) *Athe.* l. 2. p. 360.

(46) *Abbé Godeau.* Burney, l. 490.

(47) *M. du Querlon.*

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and the following was sung by children in the streets:
 "We have reaped a thousand and a thousand heads;
 "thousand and a thousand heads thrown to the ground,
 "have been the work of a single man. A thousand and a
 "thousand times long live the warrior who has made this
 "overthrow. No one has drunk so much wine as he has
 "shed blood (48)."

The fondness of the Roman youth for songs and singing was at one time so excessive, that Seneca the rhetorician complains that they spent their whole time in effeminate attempts to soften their voice, and bring it to the tender and sweet tone of a woman (49).

§ 3. Notwithstanding the destruction of the Western empire in Italy, it is natural to believe, that the vulgar songs of the Romans would be still preserved in the mouths of the native inhabitants. During a long succeeding period, *i. e.* between the sixth and the thirteenth century, which is immersed in darkness, barbarism, and confusion, we have no information upon this or any other subject. Songs, however, make their appearance as soon as any thing. Dante the poet, who may be said to have first cultivated and established the Tuscan dialect, and nearly down to, if not (at least in some places) actually in whose time the popular tongue appears to have been a corrupt and barbarous Latin (50), was a great song-writer. As he was one day passing through a street where a crowd had assembled about an itinerant songster, he had the curiosity to listen, and finding the poetry his own, was so exasperated at the rude and ignorant pronunciation of the performer, that he could not refrain from giving him a severe beating (51). The Italians have still a few *ballatelle* of Dantes age, one of them by that great poet himself. When in purgatory, he has a conference with his friend Casella, a musician, whom he prevails on to sing him a favourite love-song, of his own composition (52).

(48) Vopiscus, as cited by M. de Querlon. (49) M. de Querlon.

(50) Burney, II. 323. Baretti's Italian Library, ii. xv.

(51) Burney, II. 322.

(52) Idem, III. 323.

Laura, the immortal Laura, amongst her various accomplishments, is celebrated by her adorer for the sweetness of her voice, which she displayed in warbling songs; some of them, not improbably, written for her by himself. His sonnets are not, indeed, perfect songs, but that they were originally sung to certain melodies, is, by a learned writer, represented as an indubitable fact (53).

The party, described by Boccace as amusing themselves in the neighbourhood of Florence, during the great plague in 1348, with relating pleasant stories, chant, at the beginning and end of each day, a canzonet, accompanied by the lute or some other instrument; to both of which some of them likewise dance. Of these songs many are inserted in the Decameron, and others are said to be still extant (54). While this little society were thus agreeably employed in the country, large parties within the city thought the best method of fortifying themselves against the disease was by drinking and singing from morning to night.

The Italians still preserve a number of songs upon love and pleasure, of great antiquity. These were originally designed to excite and accompany the dance in Carnival time, and at public festivals, and thence denominated *Canzone a ballo*. The celebrated, the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, the great patron and encourager of poetry, and letters, the Pulcis, Politian, Giambullari, and other first rate poets of the fifteenth century, are numbered among the composers, and even singers of these songs; some of which, it is said, are not over and above remarkable for delicacy or morals. Italy, however, though the residence of the muses, and nursery of the fine arts, does not boast of the number and excellence of these smaller lyrics. Devoted to the *ottava rima*, or eight-line verse, which is still composed by even the most illiterate *Improvvisatori*, with a rapidity and ease altogether surprising, and is chanted by all ranks to an ancient melody or tune, it is less to be wondered that the Italians have neglected

(53) Burney, II. 339.

(54) Idem, II. 339.

Song.

Song. Their operas, which are mere vehicles to convey the laboured efforts of the professed musician, cannot be looked upon as any proof to the contrary.

§ 4. We shall now take a view of the progress of Song amongst our Gallic neighbours; and here, at least, we shall have no reason to complain of a scarcity of materials.

The ancient language of France was Latin, established by the long residence of the Roman armies, and corrupted by Tudesque, the jargon of the Franks, and other Gothic barbarians, who settled among or had commerce with the old inhabitants. This dialect was called *Romanse rustique*, or rustic Latin. The natives seem to have possessed a great affection for singing from the earliest times. Charlemagne was wont to collect and get by heart the ancient and barbarous songs made to perpetuate the memory of the wars and acts of the kings his predecessors (55). Of these the following may seem to have been one. In the sixth century, Clotaire II. having obtained a capital victory over the Saxons, his subjects expressed their joy by a rimed song of two verses, in vulgar Latin, which is still preserved (56). The French have likewise other songs in Latin rime of a very great age (57). This language appears to have been much used for the purpose of song-writing so late as the thirteenth century, when, as the ingenious author cited in the margin observes, it was obliged to acknowledge the natural right of the vulgar tongue to preside over pieces of amusement and pleasure (58). Not but that the French poets had employed their native language upon some occasions at a much more early period. The *Chanson de Roland*, so famous as well in the Gallic history, as in

(55) *Barbara et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur scripsit, memoriaeque mandavit.* Eginhar. c. 29.

(56) *Nouveau Recueil des Histoires de la France*, t. 3. 505. M. l'Eveque de la Ravalliere, *Revolutions de la langue Fran.* p. 81. *L'ancienneté des Chançons*, p. 195.

(57) M. l'Eveque de la Ravalliere, *L'ancienneté*, &c. p. 195.

(58) M. l'Eveque de la Ravalliere.

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our own (59), is supposed, and with the greatest probability, to have been in French rime. This celebrated composition, whatever it was, continued to be known so late as the fourteenth century, but is imagined to be, at present, entirely lost. The ingenious dr. Burney has, indeed, printed certain stanzas under this title, as collected and adjusted from various fragments by the Marquis de Paulmy, which he has accompanied with an excellent translation, and musical notes; but this is evidently a modern performance, and contains a great deal too much pleasantry for the age it would be referred to (60).

St. Bernard, in his youth, is said to have composed buffoon and other songs to popular airs for the amusement of the vulgar: but even these are supposed to have been in Latin.

Abelard, so famous for his love, his abilities, and his misfortunes, was an accomplished poet and popular songwriter; it was principally by his talent for song that he obtained the affections of Heloise. "Two things," says she, "gained you the hearts of all, a happy ease in writing the finest verses in the world, and an incomparable grace in singing them. Ah, what charms had those tender songs which love dictated to you! what sweetness in the words, and in the airs! They were sought after by all the world; their beauties were felt by the dullest; there was not a woman unenchanted with them; how many rivals have they procured me (61)!"

(59) Taillefer, a hero who attended the Conqueror, having obtained leave to make the onset at the battle of Hastings, advanced before the army singing aloud the *Chanson de Roland*, and, gallantly breaking into the Saxon host, was overpowered and slain.

Taillefer qⁱ mlt bien chantout
 Sor un cheual qⁱ tost alout
 Deuant le duc alout chantant
 De Karlemaigne & de Rollant
 & doluer & des uassals
 Qⁱ morurent en renevals. ROMAN DE ROU.

(60) See Burney, II. 276. There are several metrical romances on the subject of Charlemagne of considerable antiquity still extant: and some one of these may, possibly, be the *Chanson de Roland*.

(61) M. de Querlon.

Again:

Again; " You left many songs composed in amorous
" metre, or rime, which, for their exceeding sweet-
" nefs, both of diction and air, kept my name in the
" mouths of all. . . . You put your Heloise in the
" mouths of all by your repeated songs: Me all the
" streets, me every house resounded (62)."

Whether these celebrated compositions were in Latin
or French, we are no where certified. We may, there-
for, conjecture them to have been in both.

The affection for songs in the vulgar tongue began
first to shew itself in the provinces: It was some time
before they prevailed in the capital, which continued de-
voted to Latin much longer than any other part of the
kingdom. The first songs were those of Normandy, the
most celebrated were those of Provence (63).

The most ancient French songs were called *Lais* ;
from the plaintive, or elegiac nature, it is supposed, of
the composition. The word being conjecturally derived
from the Latin *Leſſus*, which signifies complaints and
lamentations. All the old *Lais* were not, however, of this
cast, nor, indeed, is the etymology itself to be hastily
admitted, the term being frequently applied to songs on
the most light and joyous subjects. The principal of these
old *Lais* now extant are those which are introduced into
some of the ancient romances, where they are chanted by
heroes or damsels (64).

About the beginning of the twelfth century, or per-
haps earlier, one may date the origin of the Gay Science,
and the establishment of the Singing School of Provence.
Many reasons are assigned for the preeminence which the
natives of this province enjoyed over their neighbours.
The purity of the air, the beauty of the sky, the delight-
fulness of the country, the natural fire of the men, the
tender spriteliness of the women, and the neighbourhood of
the courts scattered over the south of France, are enume-

(62) Abelar. Opera. Epif. II. M. l'Eveque de la Ravalliere. Revolu-
tions de la langue Fran. 206.

(63) M. l'E. de la Ravalliere. (64) Idem. M. de Querlon.
e 2 rated

rated among the causes which contributed to render the songsters of Provence the admiration of mankind.

Under the name of *La Jonglerie* is comprehended whatever belongs to the Provençal school. And of this body three sorts of talents (exclusive of the *Conteurs*, or story-tellers, with whom we have at present nothing to do) form the constituent parts. The *Troubadours*, the *Chanterres*, and the *Jongleurs*. The *Troubadours*, a name synonymous with *Trouveres*, or inventors, imagined and composed the verses which the *Chanterres* sung; except when the *Trouvere* was likewise an *Improvisateur*, in which case he frequently condescended to sing his own compositions. The *Jongleurs* (65), who were as much superior to the other orders in number, as they were inferior to them in reputation, were the players on certain musical instruments, with which they usually accompanied the *Chantere*: not but that the *Jongleur* himself frequently united with his own profession the peculiar arts of the other two. The individuals of each of these classes founded their reputation and fortune on their particular skill and merit in the science they professed; and to the feasts and tournaments given by the sovereign princes or great lords, they flocked from all parts, every where receiving the greatest attention, and the richest rewards (66).

The *Troubadours*, in point of number, were a considerable body. We have the lives of a great many, and the names of some hundreds. Among them are enumerated two emperors, four kings, one duke, six earls, and several other noble and celebrated characters, who enrolled themselves members of this illustrious order. Our Richard I. is a Troubadour of the highest eminence. Many of his compositions both in the Provençal, and in the Romance, or old French, are still preserved. He was bountiful to these poets to excess, and had generally a number of them in his court (67). In

(65) Not (*quasi* ONGLEURS) from *ongles* the nails, of which there is no proof that the *Jongleurs* made any particular use; but (properly *Jangleurs*) from the harmony or jangling of their instruments in concert. *Jangler*, F.

(66) M. l'E. de la Ravalliere. M. de Querlon.

(67) A curious anecdote of this gallant monarch and one of his mind-sele

In the Vatican library, in a large manuscript of Provençal poetry, is a song upon the death of this prince, by Anselm Faiditt, a celebrated Troubadour, to whom Petrarch is much indebted for his *Triumpho d'amore*, and who had accompanied him to the holy war, with the original melody by that bard, whose genius was as much admired in music as in poetry. He married a beautiful nun, who wandered with him from court to court, singing her husband's songs (68).

As a short and familiar specimen of the Provençal song, one may produce that written by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, about the year 1160.

Plas my cavallier Francés,
E la donna Catalana,
E l'onrar del Gynóés,
E la cour de Kastellana,
• Lou kantar Provençallés,
E la dança Trivyza,na,
E lou corps Aragonés,
E la perla Julliana,

minstrel is related by Fauchet, on the authority of an old anonymous French chronicler. Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, was taken prisoner by the duke of Austria, who sold him to the emperor. He was so closely and secretly confined that his subjects, for more than a twelvemonth, were unable to discover where he was. A minstrel, named Blondel de Nesle, who, having been trained up in the English court, had imbibed the strongest affection for his royal master, took his absence so much to heart, that he resolved not to rest till he knew what was become of him. After some time spent in travel, he came near a castle, in which, he was told, a strange knight had been imprisoned upwards of a year. This information caused the trusty minstrel to employ the persuasive eloquence of his profession to gain admittance into the castle. One day, sitting opposite a window of the stranger's apartment, he began a Provençal song, which the king and he had sometime before composed together: and, pausing in the midst, the king, who knew it must be Blondel that sung, began the other half and finished it. The musician having thus obtained the knowledge he wanted, returned to England, and making the barons acquainted with the place of their sovereign's confinement, he was soon after ransomed, and brought home. The song itself is fortunately preserved. *Recueil de l'origine de la langue & poésie Française. Paris, 1581. p. 93. Le tour tenebreux, &c. Paris 1705. Percy's Reliques, I. xxix.* (68) Burney, II. 241. where both the song and the music are preserved.

Las mans e kara d'Anglés
E lou donzel de Thuïcana. (69)

The Troubadours seem to have possessed a great affection for agreeable pictures of nature, the relation of pleasing dreams, and other fanciful and amorous allegories. Chaucers Cuckow and Nightingale, Flower and Leaf (so beautifully modernised by Mr. Dryden), and some other of his poems, are quite in the Provençal mode, and, not improbably, from Provençal compositions. But it was not to the men alone that the cultivation of this enchanting art was confined; ladies of the first rank became professors of the Gay Science, and piqued themselves on making verses, and giving an elegant or pointed turn to a song. They, likewise, held Courts of Love, where they determined those nice questions, which the Provençal gallantry had brought into vogue. Their judgements were termed *Arrêts d'amour*, sentences of love. Of these the countess of Champagne had pronounced several, and, amongst them, one in a celebrated parliament composed of sixty ladies (70). An appeal against a decision of this fair judge was brought before the Queen of France: "God forbid," said the Queen, as soon as she had heard the complaint, "God forbid, that I should meddle with a decree of the countess of Champagne!"

On the death of Raimond Berenger, the last count of Provence, of his family, in 1245, the court was removed to Naples, and the Gay Science began to decline. Its professors had likewise the misfortune to incur the displeasure of Philip the August, who banished them his court and estates.

In 1320, however, a college or academy of poetry was founded at Toulouse. The poets recited their compositions every Sunday evening, in a garden of the city;

(69) That is: I am best pleased with the French gentleman, the Catalan girl, the (perhaps *ovrar*, work) of the Genoese, the court of Castile, the Provençal song, the dance of Treves, the Aragonian shape, the Juliers speech, the hands and face of the English, and the boy of Tuscany. See Duverdier, *Bibliothèque*. Lyons, 1585. p. 423. Rymer, *Short View of Tragedy*, p. 75.

(70) M. de Querlon.

and

and flowers of gold or silver were given by the ladies to those who excelled (71). This establishment flourished a considerable time. And some Troubadours and some Jongleurs are said to have remained so low as the fifteenth century.

The Gay Science, under the counts of Provence, afforded an easy mode for a man to enrich himself, and even to acquire honours and employments. It, likewise, gave great privileges; and, in courts, with the ladies, frequently leveled the disparity of rank. At one time there was scarce a great lord or lady who had not some Troubadour in their suite (72).

A gentleman, who had only the fourth part of a castle, if, with the requisite talents, he became a Troubadour, was soon in a capacity of acquiring the rest. Indeed this sort of life was frequently the whole fortune of a younger brother. It was an agreeable pilgrimage, or continual promenade. He went from house to house, from castle to castle, always welcomed, and entertained according to his merit (73).

Many of the Troubadours followed their lords to the wars. Where we have instances of their being knighted, and arriving to extraordinary honours and preferments (74).

They received considerable presents of stuffs, robes, horses, &c. Kings and queens would sometimes pull off their finest vestments to give to a Troubadour of extraordinary genius; who made his appearance in them at the next court he came to. The ladies were now and then content to crown their favourites with peacocks feathers; and, frequently, the price of the best song was a kiss, which the poet generally claimed from the greatest beauty present (75).

The Troubadour, amorous by profession, usually concealed the name of his mistress with care, and sung her praises under an appellation agreed on between them, or which he took care she understood. The gallantries in-

(71) M. de Querlon.

(72) Idem.

(73) Idem.

(74) Idem.

(75) M. de Sainte-Palaye.

M. de Querlon.

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tended for the wife were, likewise, not unfrequently, addressed to the husband (76). These gentlemen did not, however, always worship terrestrial deities; Folquet de Lunel professed himself an admirer of the Virgin Mary, and celebrated her as his mistress in his songs and poems.

Arnaud Daniel, a distinguished Troubadour, who is imitated by Petrarch, and praised by Dante, was enamoured of a beautiful Gascon lady. To gain her good graces, he tells us, he heard a thousand masses a day; but his most extravagant wish centered in a kiss of her sweet mouth (77).

It must be confessed that the lives of these poets abound with the marvellous; and differ very little from Romance. But then it is to be remembered that this was the age of Chivalry. Many of them died of love. Geoffrey Rudel, upon the relation of two Pilgrims, became desperately enamoured of a countess of Tripoli; he flew to see her, and, with an excess of fondness, expired in her arms. One of the songs he composed in his passage is still extant (78). The princess was so affected with the circumstance that, after having ordered him to be sumptuously interred, and his sonnets to be finely copied and illuminated, she buried herself in a nunnery.

Guillaume de Cabestan, the descendant of an ancient family, of which gentility was the sole inheritance, was page to Raimond, lord of the castle of Roussillon, who afterwards made him gentleman usher to his wife Marguerita. This lady became enamoured of Cabestan; but her vanity, greater than her love, induced her to shew his poetical addresses to her husband. Raimond, mad with jealousy, drew Cabestan to a distance from the castle, stabbed him, tore out his heart, and cut off his head: he got the heart dressed, and having persuaded his lady to eat it, produced the head, to acquaint her with what she had done. As soon as she revived from the swoon into which the discovery threw her, she up-

(76) M. de Querlan.

(77) Idem.

(78) Rymer, p. 74.

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braided Raimond for his barbarity, and declared that what she had eaten was so delicious that she was determined never to lose the taste of it by any other food : she immediately flew to a balcony, and, precipitating herself to the ground, was killed on the spot. The cruelty of Raimond appeared so horrible in the eyes of that age, that Alphonso king of Arragon was induced to throw him into prison and raze his castle. He likewise caused the two lovers to be interred together near the church of Perpignan, and the story of their loves, which has been pronounced worthy of the pencil of Ovid (79), to be engraven on the tomb. The history of Cabañan is related, with some variation, in the *Decameron*. (*Gior. 4. No. 9.*)

One of these Troubadours, Pierre de Châteauneuf, was seized by robbers, who, after they had stripped him, were about to take his life : he besought them, for God's sake, to hear first one of his songs ; and the villains were so charmed with it, that they restored him all they had taken (80).

Many remains of the poetry of the Provençal bards are still preserved in manuscript ; of these the late Mr. Crofts, whose memory will be ever dear to those who enjoyed the honour and happiness of his acquaintance, and in whom literature lost one of its best friends, and humanity one of its greatest ornaments, had a considerable volume.

It has been advanced “ that the Troubadours, by singing and writing a new tongue, occasioned a revolution not only in literature but in the human mind ; and [that] as almost every species of Italian poetry is derived from the Provençals, so *Aria*, the most captivating part of secular vocal melody, seems to have had the same origin. At least [that] the most ancient strains that have been spared by time, are such as were set to the songs of the Troubadours (81).”

The history of these people is so exceedingly curious, agreeable and interesting that it has totally eclipsed that

(79) *M. de Querlon.*

(80) *Idem.*

(81) Burney, II. 233. of

of the French Minstrels, who, doubtless, as a body, existed some time before, and continued long after the Troubadours; but are by no means to be considered as such an extraordinary or respectable set of men. They possessed, however, in a certain degree, the same talents of pleasing; they sung, either their own compositions, or the compositions of others, to the harp, the vielle, viol, cymbal, and other instruments, danced to the tabour, played tricks of legerdemain and buffoonry, and, in short, accommodated themselves to every mode of inspiring festivity and mirth: so that they were every where welcome, and every where rewarded. The courts of France abounded with them: and, during the reign of our Norman princes, they seem to have been no less numerous in England. Many of our old monkish historians complain of the shoals of Minstrels which a coronation or royal festival allured to the English court.

But though it is certain that the French had songs before the Provençal poetry was known, it is equally certain that their best writers were afterwards content to imitate the Troubadours; who may, therefore, be still considered as the founders of the French Song.

Of those who composed songs in the French tongue, and, as we need not repeat, in the Provençal mode, the most celebrated, and probably the first, at least of any rank or consequence, is the famous Count of Champagne, Thibaut, afterwards king of Navarre (82), generally stiled the father of the French song. His compositions, which are numerous, and possess abundant merit, have been printed with accuracy and elegance (83). Specimens, with spirited translations, are given by the ingenious dr. Burney in the second volume of his very curious and entertaining history.

The names and performances of several illustrious French song writers of the age of Thibaut are still preserved. We shall, however, only mention one of them; Raoul, chatelain de Coucy, contemporary and intimate

(82) Born in 1201; died in 1253 or 1254.

(83) In two volumes, 12mo. Paris, 1742.

with that monarch, and equally celebrated for his poetry and his love. He adored the lady of the seigneur of Fayel with a chaste Platonic affection, and had his passion returned in the same stile. Having received a mortal wound in an engagement with the Saracens at the siege of Rhodes (84), he made his faithful squire swear to carry his heart to the mistress of his affections. The squire was surprised, near the castle, by the seigneur; and the heart of the unfortunate chatelain experienced the same treatment, and produced the same effect which that of the troubadour Cabaestan had done. We have this affecting story, but doubtless from the French, in an old poem of Henry the Eighth's time, under the title of *The Knight of Curtesy and the Lady of Fagut*. Several of his *Chansons* are still extant. They are remarkably tender, elegant and pathetic. Dr. Burney has inserted two of them, with their original melodies (85).

The works of many of the old French poets or minstrels are yet preserved. Fauchet has given a list of no less than 127, mostly song writers, who flourished before the year 1300.

Song continued to be cultivated in France in every reign, and through all the national convulsions. From the time of Francis I. who revived the ancient splendour of the French court, the number of eminent songsters seems to have increased: but it will not be necessary, in this treatise, to take particular notice of them. One may, however, mention that both Francis and his grandson Charles IX. are in the list. In which we are likewise authorised to rank that amiable, ac-

(84) So the romance. Fauchet, who has given the story from an old chronicle, says, it was at the siege of Maffoure. *Là, says Joinville, fut tué le comte d'Artois & le sire de Coucy qu'on apelloit Raoul*. This, however, seems to have been a predecessor of Raoul the poet, as the affair of Maffoure, although placed by Fauchet in 1249, actually happened in 1191.

(85) The Coucys appear to have been always eminently attached to song: Engueran, who was in England in the time of K. John, and died in 1240, *dançoit & chantoit bien*. Froissart, t. 1. c. 219. (*M. l'E. de la Ravalliere.*)

complished,

complished, and, thence, unfortunate princess, **Mary Queen of Scots**. One of her performances is preserved in the *Antibologie*, and breathes a delicacy and elegance peculiar to its illustrious author. The following translation of it, in the original measure, is given, chiefly, as a specimen of the French Song, which delights in a pointed and epigrammatic turn. It appears to have been written when the left France on the death of her first husband, **Francis II.**

Ah! pleasant land of France, farewell;
 My country dear,
 Where many a year
 Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell!
 Farewell for ever, happy days!
 The ship which parts our loves conveys
 But half of me :--- One half behind
 I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
 A token of our endless love,
 And bring the other to thy mind.

We shall now close our account of the French Song. The age of Lewis XIV. improved it along with every thing else. But it is said to have declined since, and to be at present far unequal to what it was. The spirited and judicious author so often cited in the margin has enumerated and characterised most of the writers of celebrity or merit from the sixteenth century to nearly his own time. The number of songs and ballads which the French have is prodigious.

"If it were possible," says this very ingenious and elegant writer, "to collect all the historical songs written since the commencement of the monarchy, under each reign, we should be furnished with the most curious and rich collection of anecdotes. In proportion as the French language has been formed, polished and enriched, the more has poetry been cultivated with us, the more has Song (a species so agreeable to our natural gaiety, and moreover within every persons capacity, if not always the most easy) become familiar to us. Thus the reign of Lewis XIV. should have produced, as it certainly did produce, more songsters," and

“ and songs than all the other reigns. One might
 “ form a library with the historical songs only, of which
 “ there are, in the cabinets, collections more or less num-
 “ erous. With respect to gallant and Bacchanalian
 “ songs, printed, engraved or in manuscript, we are lost
 “ in the number of the volumes.

“ An exact and successive history of the last reign
 “ [*i. e.* that of Lewis XIV.] all in songs, would neither
 “ be an impracticable work, nor perhaps a despicable at-
 “ tempt. Since the birth of our princes, which some
 “ chanting muses always take care to celebrate, few of
 “ the transactions of their life known to the public pass
 “ without some couplet which makes an epocha, and
 “ these couplets are the medals of that class of the cu-
 “ rious who form collections or port folios.

“ In time of war there is no battle won or lost with-
 “ out a *Vaudeville*; the Frenchman sings his conquests,
 “ his prosperity, his defeats, even his miseries, and his
 “ misfortunes. Conquering or conquered, in plenty
 “ or in want, happy or unhappy, sorrowful or gay,
 “ he always sings; and one would say that the song is
 “ his natural expression. In fine, in all situations in
 “ which we would speak of the French, we might al-
 “ ways ask, as the late king of Sardinia did: *Well! how*
 “ *goes the little song?*”

§ 5. Spain has been long and justly famous for the
 multiplicity and excellence of her songs and ballads,
 which the natives call *Canciones*, *Romances*, and *Coplas*.
 Their most ancient lyric compositions, at present known,
 are *Las coplas de la zarabanda*, common vulgar songs, of
 an amorous, satyrical or jocose turn, to light quick
 movements; originally no doubt used for the dance, and
 generally sung at weddings, feasts, and other convivial
 meetings. These, which are conjectured to be as old as
 even the twelfth century (86), answer to the *Canzone a*
ballo of the Italians: and it is certain that this was the
 primitive use of poetry and music in all countries.

(86) P. Sarmiento, *Memorias para la historia de la poesia, y*
poetas Espan'oles. Madrid, 1775. 4to. p. 230.

The

The Spaniards had anciently their *Decidores* or *Trobadores*, their *Copleros* and their *Juglares*, all signifying a maker, and, perhaps, singer of songs by profession. They likewise called the poetical art *la gaia ciencia*. For this last name, at least, they seem to have been indebted to the French. Toward the end of the fourteenth century, John I. king of Arragon sent ambassadors to the king of France, requesting him to command the college of Troubadours at Toulouse to furnish him with certain professors, that he might establish in his dominions the study of the Gay Science: of such national importance were in those days considered the cultivation and improvement of poetry and song! Two of this body were accordingly dispatched to Barcelona, where they formed a new consistory for their favourite art, which remained till the death of Martin the successor of John (87).

Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis de Santa Juliana (88), in a curious treatise on the origin and history of the Castilian poetry, written about the year 1440, mentions, as an excellent composer, and admirable musician, of his own time, one *Mosen* (*Don* or *Master*) *Forge de Sant Jorde*, a Valencian, the author of a poem intitled *la Pasion de Amor*, in which he had introduced many songs of merit, some of which were, then, very ancient (89). He describes another as *un gran Trobador*, and a person of a highly elevated spirit.

(87) Idem, §. 770. This learned writer would not perhaps have allowed the justice of the above inference. He contends (§. 764.) that Lyric poetry, having been introduced into Spain by the Moors, traveled through Catalonia into Provence; whence it afterwards returned (as mentioned in the text), by the way of Toulouse, to Barcelona, and thence passed into Andalusia and the Castiles, where it had first set out.

(88) Vulgarly *Santillana*, a brave cavalier, and a famous poet; born 1398; dyed 1458.

(89) The reverend mr. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, a work replete with errors and misinformation, gives this poet the name of *Messen Jordi*, and asserts him to have been imitated by Petrarch: without recollecting the difficulty which the latter must have

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spirit. A third, of whom he likewise speaks, was reported to have died in Galicia for the love of a princess of Portugal (90) : a species of misfortune which frequently happened to the Troubadours of Provence. He even inserts the beginning of one of the love songs of a certain amorous bard who composed nothing else (91), and gives the names and characters of several other poets and *Decidores*, distinguished, no doubt, in that age, by their celebrity and merit. Songs by many of these, most, or all, perhaps, ancient Coplars, are, with great probability, to be found among the many thousands preserved in the *Cancionero* and *Romancero general*, and other collections of the same nature, of which there are several volumes, some very bulky.

The old composers of the *Romances* and *Coplas* thought it sufficient to use a certain limited number of feet or syllables, resembling the *rythmus* of the Greek and Latin poets. When rime or a correspondent termination of particular lines was required, it seems to have been enough if the final words agreed in the same vowels, the consonants being entirely disregarded. A practice which is still adopted as good rime by the modern inventors of these popular performances (92).

Numberless are the ballads which the Spaniards have on the story of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France ; of Bernardo del Carpio ; their last Gothic king Rodrigo ; the Cid, and others of their ancient heroes ; but particularly on Moorish subjects, and the conflicts between those people and the Spanish cavaliers. A beautiful specimen, excellently translated by bishop Percy,

have been under to copy from a writer not born till after his decease. The direct reverse is the fact : Mosen Jorge was the imitator of Petrarch.

(90) Sarmiento, p. 153, 154, 222.

(91) Sarmiento, p. 155.

(92) Idem, p. 152. In the *Obras de Don Luis de Gongora* (*l'incomparable Don Louis de Gongora, le plus beau génie que l'Espagne ait jamais produit*). Brusl. 1659. 4to. are numerous specimens of *Romance* writing, and indeed of every other species of Spanish poetry. See *Gil Blas*, l. 7. c. 13.

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is inserted in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry* (93)."

The earliest of these compositions is thought to be *las Coplas de Calainos*. This *romance* relates the adventure of a certain Arab, so called, an officer of the great Almanzor, who, to gain that prince's daughter, sets out, at her command, to fetch the heads of Rowland, Oliver, and Reynold, the three most famous and valiant of the twelve peers of France: he is met, near Paris, by a champion, who cuts off his head and presents it to Charlemagne (94). But even this can scarcely be older than the latter part of the fifteenth century; when the conquest of Granada furnished the Spanish poets with a favorable opportunity to exult over the vanquished Moors; and when Pulci and Boiardo had familiarised the story of the Paladins. Most of these *romances* are preserved in the collections already mentioned, and all of them are prodigious favourites with the common people, who have numbers by heart, which they are perpetually chanting (95).

Sarmiento, a sagacious and intelligent writer, is of opinion, that some few years after the time of the twelve peers, of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, and others, various *romances* were composed in their praise; and were those which the *Copleros*, *Trubadores*, and *Juglares*, and, in short, all the lower class of people, sung at their feasts. The greatest part of these, he thinks, not having been committed to writing, were in time lost; and such as were preserved by memory and oral tradition were afterwards so much altered, when people begun to write them.

(93) L. 337. beginning

Rio verde, rio verde.

Elegantly rendered

Gentle river, gentle river.

Though the ingenious translator did not, it seems, then know that *Rioverde* is, in this instance, a proper name.

(94) Sarmiento, p. 232.

(95) Will not the reader immediately recollect the peasant who passes Don Quixote and his trusty squire, in the streets of Toboso, *cantando aquel Romance que dize: mala la burlistes Franceses, en essa de Roncesvalles*; and the curious conversation which ensues thereon. (P. 2, c. 9.)

in modern Castilian, that they could not possibly resemble their originals in language, though they would undoubtedly continue the same in substance. This, he says, becomes evident, when it is considered that the *Cronica general de Espan'a*, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, and other books of the same antiquity, frequently cite the songs and sayings of the Juglars or vulgar poets of that, or a preceding age. He, therefor, concludes, that, though the *Romances* now extant were not written before the end of the fifteenth century, most of them were then only altered or modernised from the compositions of the twelfth (96). An idea which one would more readily have adopted if the good father had produced or referred to a single line upon the story of Charlemagne or the Paladins prior to the first of those æras. This objection, however, it must be confessed, does not extend to the songs or ballads upon other subjects, many of which may undoubtedly be much older (97).

Some of these *romances* or popular ballads are frequently cited or alluded to in Don Quixote; but the translators have uniformly confounded them with books of chivalry, which the word never signifies in Spanish. A more literal and correct version of this admirable history, of which a very elegant and curious edition was lately published at Madrid, has long been, and is likely enough to remain, among the *desiderata* of English literature.

The rustics of Spain, like the *Improvisatori* of Italy, retain, to this day, the talent of extemporal poetry; and sing, as it were, by inspiration (98). In Galicia

(96) §. 548, 550.

(97) In the ancient romance of *TIRANT LO BLANCH*, written, in the Valencian dialect, before the year 1460, Hippolito, the empresca gallant, prays her, one day, as they are sitting together, to sing him a song. To please him, therefor, she sings, in a low voice, "*un romanç . . . de tristan cō se planyia de la lançada del rey march*;" a lay or song of Tristan, in which he complains of the blow of a lance he had received from king Mark. This was, doubtless, some well known Spanish ballad of the authors time; and is represented to have been so tender that Hippolito could not refrain from tears; "*ab la dolçor del cant, desfillaren dels seus ulls viues lagremes*." (Capitol. cclxiii.)

(98) See a most curious and entertaining account of one of those geniuses (a muleteer) in Barretts Journey through Spain.

the women are not only poets but musicians, and compose as well the songs, which are generally dialogues between a woman and a man (the female being always the principal personage) as the melodies or tunes to which they would have them sung; and this by pure nature, without the least idea of the musical art (99). The poetry and poets of this province appear to have enjoyed a distinguished pre-eminence from the most remote antiquity.

Portugal, which is here noticed only as a province of Spain, claims a very early and intimate acquaintance with the Lyric muse. To prove it there are two *Cancioneros* or collections extant, which contain many songs of great antiquity and merit. Some of these are by K. Dionysius, who died in 1325. This prince was grandson to Alonso the Wise, king of Castile, who was likewise an eminent poet. A few others are by Peter I. who died in 1367. The whole number of poets whose compositions are preserved in these volumes is said to be immense. Both are excessively rare. The lively genius and spirit which appear to have characterised the ancient Portuguese, are not, however, at present visible among their descendants. But, without further notification of the provinces or æras in which poetry and song appear to have been most cultivated, popular and successful in this romantic country, it may be sufficient to adopt the words of the excellent writer so often quoted: "*en qualquiera edad*," says he, "*en qualquiera lengua, y en qualquiera dominio* (100), *siempre los Espan'oles han sido muy aficionados á la Poesia, Música, Bayles, y regocijos* (101)."

§ 6. In an enquiry regarding the genius and language of the Italians, the French, and the Spaniards, one is naturally led to place them next to the Romans, on account of their more intimate and peculiar connection with that nation, without paying much attention to the origin of the people themselves: a particular to which we shall in the remainder of this slight essay, attempt to adhere.

(99) Sarmiento, p. 238.

(100) The reader will recollect that the Castilian (which we call Spanish) is not the only language used in Spain, and that this kingdom has not always been under the sway of a single monarch.

(101) Sarmiento, §. 539.

ON NATIONAL SONG: xxxv

That the Celts, a most ancient and extensive European nation, of whose origin and early history we are entirely ignorant, and from whom the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scottish-highlanders claim to be descended, had songs among them, is a circumstance of which, had there been no direct evidence to the fact, we could scarcely have doubted. "The Celtæ," says Posidonius the Apamean, in the twenty-third book of his histories, "even in making war carry with them table-companions whom they call parasites. These men celebrate the praises of their masters both in public, where a croud is collected together, and privately, to separate individuals who will hear them. And these songsters of theirs are the men called Bards (102)." We have the testimony of very early writers to prove that the bards or poets of Gaul and Britain recorded the valiant acts of their illustrious men, which they sung to the harp; that they likewise composed songs of praise and satire; and that their authority was such, that armies, on the point of engaging, would separate on their approach, as if charmed by the power of their songs (103). The character of the British bards is supposed to have continued the same long after the conversion of that people to Christianity, and the subsequent conquest of the country by their Saxon allies. The Welsh still celebrate the names of Taliesin, Lywarch Hên, and others, bards who flourished in the sixth century, and of whose works they have, at this day, considerable remains. We find that the bards had not lost their primitive influence over the people even in the time of our Edward I. who was so irritated at the continual insurrections and disturbances fomented by their songs, that he caused most of them to be hanged by martial law (104): an event which has been immortalized by the sublime genius of the English Pindar. Many songs of great antiquity are said to be still extant in Wales; specimens of which have been published by the reverend Mr. Evans, and others. Dr. Burney mentions a collection, with the original melodies,

(102) Athenæus, p. 246.

(103) Ammian. Marcel. l. xvi. Diodo. l. v. (Brown. 201.)

(104) Sir J. Wynnes history of the Gwedir family.

ESSAY

10

The first part of the essay is devoted to a discussion of the importance of the study of the history of the United States. The author argues that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sense of national identity. He points out that the United States has a long and complex history, and that it is important to understand the events and people that have shaped the nation. The author also discusses the role of the government in the development of the country, and the importance of the Constitution. He concludes that the study of the history of the United States is a vital part of the education of every citizen.

The second part of the essay is devoted to a discussion of the importance of the study of the history of the world. The author argues that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sense of global identity. He points out that the world has a long and complex history, and that it is important to understand the events and people that have shaped the world. The author also discusses the role of the United States in the world, and the importance of international relations. He concludes that the study of the history of the world is a vital part of the education of every citizen.

The third part of the essay is devoted to a discussion of the importance of the study of the history of the future. The author argues that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sense of future identity. He points out that the future is uncertain, and that it is important to understand the events and people that have shaped the future. The author also discusses the role of the United States in the future, and the importance of international relations. He concludes that the study of the history of the future is a vital part of the education of every citizen.

to be invested with this dignity but those of illustrious families. Their songs were chiefly designed to transmit to posterity the national history and memorable acts of their own time. Those which were deemed most authentic were preserved in the custody of the kings antiquary; and many of them are cited by Keating as the materials of his Irish history. We are told that St. Patrick, when he converted this kingdom to Christianity, out of a burning zeal for the religion he came to inculcate, destroyed no less than three hundred volumes of ancient Pagan songs (108). It is to be hoped that the doctrine he taught would atone for the mischief it occasioned.

These bards had, at one time, increased so much, and grown so insolent and formidable, that it was, in a solemn convention of the states, resolved to banish them into—SCOTLAND!—The severity of this sentence struck such a terror into our unruly musicians as quickly brought them to their senses: they implored pardon, and, upon a promise of amendment, were suffered to disperse themselves up and down the kingdom. This was in the sixth century. At some later period we find them again become troublesome, and their number lessened and regulated. Every chief had one bard allowed him to record the achievements of his family; and independence and a competent revenue were still preserved them. This regulation was the standard for succeeding ages (109). In the time of the poet Spenser, however, they had fallen into their former irregularities, and were a most abandoned, corrupt, and desperate set of men; “the abettors of thieving and robbery,” and, indeed, of every other crime. The account he has given us of them is equally curious and minute.

Although the profession is, at present, supposed to be nearly extinct, yet the original of a very favourite English Bacchanalian song is ascribed to an itinerant harper, who seems, from the description we have of him (110), to be a genuine representative of the ancient bard.

But

(108) Keating. Brown.

(109) *Iidem*.

(110) “They (i. e. the Irish) talk of a wonderful master they had of late, called Carolan, who, like Homer, was blind, and, like

“him.

xxviii A HISTORICAL ESSAY

But independent of this species of poets, the modern Irish possess many beautiful and tender songs. One of them, beginning (in its English dress)

Bless'd were the days when in the lonely shade,

seems to have uncommon elegance and merit as a pastoral love song. Another, translated, or imitated by George Ogle, esquire, member of parliament for the county of Wexford, is well known by the title of *Grammachree Molly*. Its only fault is rather too much simplicity. The tune of this piece, however, appears to be Scottish (111). But there is a peculiar spirit and affecting pathos in many of the native Irish melodies which may almost rival the most admired airs of Caledonia.

"him, went about singing and playing his rhapsodies. His poetry was in Irish, and not much praised, but his music is celebrated. From an early disappointment in love he is said to have attuned his harp to the elegiac strain. I have heard one of these compositions played, and to me the sounds were as expressive of such a situation of mind, as the words of a love-sick elegy. The history of one of his famous compositions called *Tiarna Mayo*—which was somewhat in the dirge stile,—is said to be this: the musician had offended lord Mayo by some witty sarcasms, of which he is reported to have been very liberal, and was forbid his house. After some time he prevailed to be heard, and he sang this *palinode* in concert with his harp at dinner, with which, Orpheus-like, he so charmed the powers of resentment, that he was presently restored to his lordship's favour. I have heard divers others of his tunes called *Planxties*, which are in the convivial strain, and evidently calculated to inspire good humour, and heighten the jollity of the festive hour. They go by the names of those gentlemen, for whose entertainments they were composed, as Planxty-Connor, Planxty-Johnston, Planxty-Jones, &c. The last of these has been dignified by better words than those of the bard, by Mr. Dawson, late baron of the Exchequer, and is now called *Bumper Squire Jones*. They tell me, that in his latter days he never composed without the inspiration of whiskey, of which, at that critical hour, he always took care to have a bottle beside him. His ear was so exquisite, and his memory so tenacious, that he has been known to play off, at first hearing, some of the most difficult pieces of Italian music, to the astonishment of Geminiani." CAMPBELL'S PHILOSOPHICAL SURVEY OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND, p. 450.

(111) i. e. "Will you go to Flanders, my Mally O." It is, nevertheless, wished that the musical antiquaries of either country would make a more particular enquiry into this matter.

§ 7. Having

§ 7. Having taken this cursory view of the melody and song of the Celtic nations, we shall now turn back to enquire into their existence among the Teutones or Goths, from whom we are to consider OURSELVES as immediately descended (112). The Germans, supposed to be a branch of these people, in their old ballads, which with them answered the purpose of registers and history, celebrated Tuisto, a God sprung from the earth, and his son Man-nius, as the fathers and founders of their nation. They had a tradition that Hercules had been in their country, and this hero, above all others, they extolled as they advanced to battle. They possessed another species of song, the singing of which (by them called *Barditum*) inspired courage, and predicted the fortune of the approaching fight (113).

The originals of all ancient nations are lost in darkness or obscurity: it cannot, therefore, be expected that

(112) The pedigree of the Fins and Laplanders is not yet ascertained. The latter nation, in a state rather of savage refinement than of nature, has cultivated song with success. When the amorous Laplander is flying to visit his mistress, he beguiles the length and dreariness of the journey, and encourages his rein-deer, by a song in her praise. Two beautiful specimens are preserved by Schoeffer, both of which have been (and one of them with remarkable elegance) translated into English, and are inserted in the first part of the present collection. The Greenlanders, likewise, have their songs; so have the Russians; and if travelers can find song in vogue among the Samojedes, they need hardly despair of success in a similar research among the wolves and bears of the Siberian deserts.

(113) Tacitus, *De mori. Germa.* Of the poetical genius and history of the more modern Germans little can be collected. It appears, however, that the Gay Science while it flourished in other countries was not neglected in theirs. A most curious manuscript has been lately discovered, containing the compositions of a hundred and forty German troubadours of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The emperor Henry VI. a king of Bohemia, several princes, electors, dukes, margraves, bishops, &c. are among the number. This invaluable curiosity is embellished with paintings of the various martial and civil employments and diversions of those ages. We cannot doubt, therefore, that a taste for Song has always prevailed in this and the adjacent countries, though we have no particular information on the subject. "In Hun-garie," says sir Philip Sidney, "I have seene it the manner at all feastes and other such like meetings, to haue songs of their ancestors valure, which that right souldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefest kindlers of braue courage."

one should be able to point out with certainty whence or at what time the Goths first came into Europe. That they were a distinct people from the Celtæ is a fact not to be controverted: and that Scythia was their mother country is, at least, probable. The event of the war carried on by Pompey against Mithridates king of Pontus obliged the Scythians to leave their country in great numbers; of these, Odin or Woden, a valiant and powerful chief, whose true name was Sigge, is thought to have led large bands into the ancient Scandinavia and other parts occupied by the Teutones and Cimbri, the posterity of former emigrants. Odin was a warrior, a legislator, and a God. We shall shortly have occasion to speak of him again, let us, in the mean time, pursue our subject.

The Scalds (poetasters) or poets of Iceland, the universality of the North, are as famous for their skill in poetry and song as the Celtic bards. They resided in the courts of kings and princes, whom it was part of their office to accompany to battle, in order to be eye-witnesses of the actions they were to celebrate and record, and which they afterwards sung at great and solemn entertainments. They animated the soldiers to fight, and extolled the chieftains who signalized their courage or fell in arms. Not only the particular exploits, but sometimes the whole lives of their kings and heroes were thus recited. These songs, which, being communicated from one to another, were every where publicly chanted, are by the ancient and modern writers of the North (114), resorted and referred to as authorities for the earlier periods of their history. Great numbers of these compositions are extant in print or preserved in manuscript. The poetic art was not, however, entirely confined to the Scalds; persons of the highest rank cultivated this agreeable science. It is even supposed to have been introduced by Odin, who pretended to have received it from the Gods, and boasted that it could produce him the most wonderful and miraculous effects. "I am possessed of Songs," says he: "such as neither

(114) Saxo, *Torſæus*, &c.

"the

“ the spouse of a king, nor any son of man can repeat ;
 “ one of them is called the *HELPER* : it will *HELP* thee
 “ at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversities. I
 “ know a Song, which the sons of men ought to sing, if
 “ they would become skilful physicians. I know a
 “ Song, by which I soften and enchant the arms of my
 “ enemies ; and render their weapons of none effect. I
 “ know a Song, which I need only to sing when men have
 “ loaded me with bonds ; for the moment I sing it, my
 “ chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty. I
 “ know a Song, useful to all mankind ; for as soon as
 “ hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it
 “ they are appeased. I know a Song, of such virtue,
 “ that were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds,
 “ and render the air perfectly calm (115).” He likewise
 knew a Song, by which, with the assistance of his Runic
 characters, he could compell the dead to rise and converse
 with him. An adventure of this sort is related of him
 in a very ancient ode, beautifully translated by mr. Gray.
 The Scalds were believed to possess the same power.

Regner Lodbrog was a great prince, poet, and pirate,
 in the ninth century. He invaded the dominions of Ella
 king of Northumberland, who took him prisoner, and
 caused him to be thrown into a deep dungeon, where he
 was killed by serpents. In the midst of his tortures he
 composed his Death-Song, which is still extant, and has
 frequently appeared in English (116). It is conjectured,
 however, that but a few stanzas were the actual com-
 position of Regner, and that the rest were added by
 his attendant Scald, whose duty it was to celebrate the
 death and heroism of his lord. There is a love-song by
 Harald the Valiant, a famous adventurer of the eleventh
 age, in which, reciting his extraordinary accomplish-
 ments, and feats in arms, he complains that they were
 not able to make any impression on the heart of a Russian
 princefs. Examples of this nature are numerous. Many

(115) Northern Antiquities, II. 217.

(116) See the Five pieces of Runic poetry ; the Northern Antiqui-
 ties ; Wartons poems, 1748 ; and a quarto pamphlet, by one
 Downman, 1781.

of the ancient Scaldic songs are said to be yet chanted by the peasantry of Denmark and Sweden.

The Saxons, a mixture of Germans and Danes, were, toward the close of the fifth century, invited into this country by Vortigern, king of the Britons, to assist him in repelling the hostile attacks of the Picts and Scots; and, having subdued these barbarians for him, they, in a very short time, completed the conquest of his dominions for THEIRSELVES. Though we are very little acquainted with the genius, manners, and amusements of these our Pagan ancestors for some ages after their arrival, we cannot doubt that they retained the fondness of their predecessors for poetry and song. Of this, in fact, a remarkable and satisfactory instance is afforded by Bede, in his *Ecclesiastical history*: where, speaking of the sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the seventh century, he tells us, that so far from having ever composed any idle songs he had never learned any; and that, therefor, frequently, at feasts, when, for the sake of conviviality, it was agreed that all the guests should sing in their turn, as soon as he saw the harp approach him, he would rise, for shame, from the table, and go immediately home (117). And that a harper, or gleeman, by profession, was no uncommon character among the Saxons, is evident from a curious historical fact. For we learn that their king Alfred, one of the greatest, wisest, and best princes that ever sat upon a throne, was so much a master of the musical, and, it may be, the poetical, art, that, in the disguise of such a character, he explored the camp of his Danish enemies, and thence projected the plan which enabled him to defeat them (118). Indeed, this monarch is expressly asserted, by one who well knew him, not only to have listened night and day to the popular songs of his country-

(117) l. 4. c. 24. Percy, l. l.

(118) See Percy l. xxv. and the authorities there cited. A similar proceeding is recorded of Anlaf, king of the Danes, who, thus disguised, went among the Saxon tents, and having been permitted to sing and play before king Athelstan, was dismissed with a liberal reward. But being observed, on his return, to bury the money, his character was suspected, and his stratagem, of course, defeated. Percy, lbi.

men and subjects, but to have taken great pains to get them by heart, and commanded others to do the same (119). It is rather unfortunate that among the tolerably numerous relics of Saxon literature still extant, we find no songs. In the Saxon chronicle, indeed, there are two or three poetical pieces, the principal one being in celebration of the victory gained by king Athelstan over Anlaf the Dane, which may be specimens of their ode, and were possibly sung to the harp. But even this cannot be inferred with any degree of certainty. And it is, after all, very probable that these poems were composed by the writers of the history, who have in many other places evinced a disposition for such poetical flights: a practice which appears to have prevailed for many ages; so low, at least, as our Henry V. (120) and would certainly cost the Saxon historian very little trouble. There is, however, a short poem in praise of the city of Durham, enumerating the saints interred, and the relics preserved in that holy place, which has, likely enough, been written for the harp, and may, not improperly, be considered as a Saxon song. The ancient manuscript which contained it is now destroyed, but it is printed in the *Thesaurus*, and begins thus:

If ðeor bunch bneome.
Leod bneoten rice.

i. e. This city is famous
Beyond the Britons kingdom.

We have, likewise, the fragment of a song, reported to have been made *extempore* by Canute the Great, who, as he approached by water to Ely abbey, where, attended with his queen and court, he was going to hold a solemn

(119) *Saxonica poemata die naflugue . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat.* ASSERIUS, (edi. 1722) p. 260. Again:—*Rex inter bella, &c. Saxonicos libros recitare, & maxime carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, aliis imperare, & solus assidus pro viribus, studiosissimè non desinebat.* p. 43.

(120) In a MS. of the Cotton library, an old chronicler, describing the battle of Agincourt, is seized with a poetic furor, and insensibly runs his narrative into a kind of song or poem. Perhaps this method, of which there are many other instances, might be adopted as more easy or captivating for public recitation.

scast,

feast, was so much delighted at hearing the monks chant their hours, that he is said, "in the joy of his heart," inspired with a sort of poetic rapture, to have broke out into a song of which the following lines, all that is preserved, are the first stanza: the only specimen, perhaps, now remaining of the Saxon vulgar song, though the lines should, in fact, seem to have come rather from the monks than from the king.

Mepe sunge ðe Muneceþ binnan Ely.
 Ða Cnut ching neu ðer by.
 wepeð eniteþ noep the lant.
 and hepe we þeþ Muneceþ fæng (121).

That is :

The monks in Ely sweetly sung
 Whilst Cnut the king there row'd along;
 Row near the land, knights, [quoth the king]
 And let us hear the song they sing.

We are not without sufficient evidence that the common people had their favourite songs, though none of them has had the good fortune to descend to us. Ingulphus mentions ballads in praise of Hereward, the Saxon hero, who so gallantly opposed and harassed the Conqueror, which were sung about the streets in his time (122). And William of Malmesbury, in his history, refers to "*Cantilæne per successiones temporum detrita*," which were, no doubt, in the vulgar tongue (123): and, elsewhere, notices a *Carmen triviale* of Aldhelm, who died in 709, and whom king Alfred has pronounced without an equal in English poetry, as *ad hoc vulgo cantitatum* (124). Other old and popular rimes, "concerning Gryme, the fisher,

(121) Benthams History of Ely, p. 94. It may, from this little piece, be conjectured, that rime had been introduced by the Danes: certain it is, that no rimed poetry of the earlier Saxons is now to be found. Their poetic mode consists in short sentences in a pompous and affected stile: the words uncommon, frequently jingling together, and thrown out of their natural order. Indeed it is not always easy to distinguish between their poetry and their prose.

(122) Hist. Croy. p. 68. Tyrwhitts Chaucer, IV. 63.

(123) Tyrwhitt, IV. 46.

(124) Idem, Iti.

" the

“ the founder of Grymesby, Hanelock the Dane, and his wife Goldeburgh, daughter to king Athelwold,” are mentioned by Robert of Brunne (125) : of all which, though none of them is, certainly, now retrievable, we cannot but regret the loss.

It is not unreasonable to attribute the suppression of the romantic poems and popular songs of the Saxons, to the monks, who seem not only to have refused to commit them to writing, which few others were capable of doing, but to have given no quarter to any thing of the kind which fell into their hands. Hence it is, that, except the Saxon chronicle, and a few other historical fragments, together with many of their laws, and a number of charters, deeds, &c. all which are to be sure of some consequence, we have little or nothing original, in the language, but lying legends, glosses, homilies, charms, and such-like things, which evidently shew the people, from their conversion, at least, to have been gloomy, superstitious, and priest-ridden. What advantages Christianity brought them, how much it enlightened their understandings, or improved their morals, to counterbalance the destruction of their national genius and spirit, is not, perhaps, at this distance of time, altogether so easy to be discovered.

Having got below the Conquest, we are now to commence our view of English song. But, however interesting an enquiry into this subject may be to ourselves, we are not here to expect the full and satisfactory information so easily obtained on the ancient singing poetry of the Greeks and the French. Materials are very scanty, and the pursuit almost, if not altogether, new.

The Saxon language continued to be spoken by the old inhabitants for near a century and a half after their subduction, but, by a rapid, though, doubtless, gradual corruption, from an intermixture of Norman words, and the adoption of Norman idioms and modes of speaking, we may, in some, probably the earlier part of the long and turbulent reign of Henry III. pronounce it to

have dyed a violent death; the written dialect we meet toward the end of his time, being essentially a different tongue: from this uncertain period, therefor, we date the birth and establishment of the English language.

Before we proceed further, the reader may not be displeased with a rather curious passage in an ancient writer, relative to the vulgar mode of singing in his own time, the age of king Henry II. In general, says he, there is not the least uniformity in musical modulation. Every man sings his own song, and, in a croud of singers, as is the custom here, so many persons as you see, so many songs and various voices will you hear. In the northern parts, on the confines of Yorkshire, the natives, he tells us, used a symphonic harmony with two different tones. One singing the under part of the song in a low voice, the other the upper part in a voice equally soft and delighting: and this not so much, he says, by art as use and nature: children, and even infants in the cradle, observing the same kind of modulation. This practice, altogether peculiar to these people, he supposes them to have acquired from the Danes and Norwegians who had settled or resided in these parts (126). Later writers, however, incline to believe that they had learned it from the method observed in chanting the service by the monks of Wearmouth in the bishopric of Durham.

The most ancient English song now extant is one in praise of the cuckoo, a favourite subject, in every age, both with poets and musicians. This great curiosity, for besides that the words themselves are far from being inelegant, they are accompanied with a very masterly musical composition for six voices, in the nature of a catch, is preserved in a fine old MS. in the Harleian library, and is, by sir John Hawkins and dr. Burney, both of whom have inserted it in their respective works, referred to about the middle of the fifteenth century (127). But the rea-

(126) Giraldus Cambrensis, as quoted by Hawkins and Burney.

(127) Mr. Warton has (but without the least acknowledgement) followed sir John Hawkins, and consequently involved himself in the same mistakes.

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soning of these two learned and ingenious gentlemen on the subject is as inconclusive, as their judgement is erroneous. There cannot be a doubt that the manuscript is two hundred years older; *i. e.* of the latter part of the reign of Henry III. The song will speak for itself:

Sumer is icumen in.
 Lhudé sing cuccu.
 Growep sed and blowep med
 And springþ þe wdé nu.
 Sing cuccu
 Awé bleteþ after lomb.
 Lhouþ after calué cu.
 Bulluc stertep.
 Bucké uertep.
 Murie sing cuccu.
 Cuccu cuccu
 Wel singeþ þu cuccu
 Ne swik þu nauer nu (128).

In the ensuing reign we are fortunately enabled to proceed with greater certainty and success. In the British Museum is a large folio book, written by the hand of some Norman scribe, about the beginning of the time of Edward II. and containing a variety of songs and poems, by different authors, both in French and English, chiefly, as it must seem, of the preceding reign. Most of these pieces are of an amorous or satyrical turn, and many of them, for so remote an age, not destitute of merit. The libel on Richard, king of the Romans, printed by Percy in his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, is from this collection: from whence, likewise, Warton, in the first volume of his history, has made several extracts; which, however, are very inaccurate. It likewise includes an abusive ballad against the Scots; and another against the French, on the insurrection at Bruges in 1301. As a specimen

(128) *i. e.* Summer is come in; loud sings the cuckoo: now the seed grows, and the mead blows (*i. e.* is in flower), and the wood springs. The ewe bleats after the lamb; the calf lows after the cow; the bullock starts, the buck verts (*i. e.* goes to harbour in the fern); merrily sings the cuckoo. Well singest thou, cuckoo. Mayest thou never cease.

of

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of the language and poetic manner of this early period, we shall insert the first verse of "a song in praise of" the authors mistress, whose name was Alyfoun."

Bytvene merth & aueril
 When spray biginneþ to sp'nge
 þe lutel foul hap hire wyl
 On hyre lud to synge
 Ich libbe in loue longinge
 For semlokest of alle þynge
 He may me blisse bringe
 Icham in hire bandoun
 An hendy hap ichabbe yhent
 Ichot from heuene it is me sent
 From alle wymmen mi loue is lent
 And lyht on Alyfoun (129).

The four last lines make the burthen of the three remaining stanzas.

Of nearly the same age, in another manuscript, we have "a song in praise of the valiant knight sir Piers de Birmingham, who, while he lived, was a scourge to" the Irish, and died A. D. 1288." But it is very long, and has little merit.

During the reign of Edward III. Chaucer considerably improved and polished both our language and our poetry. He is, undoubtedly, a writer of great genius, and, almost, the first English poet worth naming. In the CANTERBURY TALES, and, indeed, throughout his works, are numberless allusions to the state of the music and song of his age (130). But few, perhaps, if any, of those numerous

(129) Between March and April, when the branches begin to spring, the little birds indulge their inclination to sing in their language. I live in the longings of love, for the feeblest of all creatures. She may bring me happiness. I am in her bonds. I have obtained a happy lot. I wot [believe] it is sent me from heaven. My love has left all other women, and is alighted upon Alifon.

(130) For instance, the Pardoner sings "Come hither, love, to me;" while the sompnour (summoner or apparitor) bears him a stiff "burdoun," i. e. sings the base. This was, doubtless, some favourite song at that time. As was, likewise, it should seem "The Kinges Note,"

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numerous songs, which he expressly tells us he composed, and for the composition of which he testifies so much penitence (131), seem to have come down to us; unless the rondeau printed by Percy, beginning

Your two eyen will fle me sodenly,

should happen to be one of them. His *ballades* may, indeed, have been sung, but they are certainly no songs.

Of the reign of Richard II. there is no song known to be extant. A manuscript in the Cotton library, of the time of his usurping successor, contains a farcastic ballad upon the execution, as it should seem, of John Holland, duke of Exeter, whom the author calls "Jac Nape," and for whose soul he makes the rest of

"note," which is elsewhere mentioned*. Abfalon, the all-accomplished parish clerk, is celebrated for his skill in music:

In twenty manere could he trip and dance,

And playen *SONGES* on a smal ribible †
Thereto he song somtyme a loud quynible ‡
And as wel coude he play on a giterne ||, &c.

Nay, our jocose author has even preserved the very song which this amorous youth performed in one of his nocturnal serenades,

He singeth in his vois gentil and smal;
Now, dere lady,—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewe on me;
Ful wel accordant to his giterning.

Nor does the mincing Wife of Bath forget to tell us,

Tho coude I dancen to an harpe smale
And sing ywis as any nightingale.

And from a passage in the *Prioresse's Tale* it should appear that "to SINGEN" was as much an established branch of the education of "smale children" as "to rede."

(131) —"and many a *SONG*, and many a *LECHEROUS LAY*,
"Crift of his grete mercie foryeve me the finne." *R&WAC. C. T.*
(iii. 277.)

* And after that he song the kinges note,
Ful often blessed was his mery throte. *M. T.*
† A rebec, or kind of fiddle with three strings.
‡ A cantabile?
|| A guitar or cittern.

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the conspirators, by name, sing "*Placebo & dirige.*" It begins,

In the moneth of May, when gálle groweþ grene,

and is accompanied by another, against the Lollards, of the same age.

Henry V. forbid his subjects to extol his victory at Agincourt: but they either had already begun to chant triumphal songs, or were not deterred by the prohibition; for one of these pieces, with the original music, is luckily preserved to us, and has been frequently printed (132).

The reign of Henry VI. is an era of great consequence in the poetical annals of this country; not so much, indeed, from the excellence, as from the magnitude and multiplicity of its metrical productions. The works of Lydgate, monk of Bury, alone, are nearly sufficient to load a waggon. His *ballades* are numerous; but we find nothing which we can call a song; except a sort of "roundell" previous to the coronation of Henry the Sixth, which is not worth inserting here. But Dan John, like most of the other professed poets of that age, laboured too much with a leaden pen, in what was then thought a solemn and stately stanza (*rythme royal*), to be a good writer of songs. These were chiefly composed by anonymous and ignorant rimers, for the use of the vulgar, and it is by mere accident that any of them have been preserved. It must, indeed, be confessed that most of those which remain possess very little merit, besides that of exhibiting the state of the art at the time in which they were written. Though a collection of such things, rude and simple as they are, would by no means prove either unworthy of attention, or void of use. *The Tournament of Tottenham*, however, printed by Percy, is a very humorous and very excellent composition. But the most curious and remarkable pieces of this period are two songs or ballads, in a rude Northern dialect, which deserve particular attention; the one is upon the battle of

(112) Literary Magazine, 1757, p. 308. Percys Reliques, ii. 23. and elsewhere.

Otterburn,

Otterburn, fought between the Scots and the English, under the respective commands of an earl of Douglas (who was slain in the field), and the great and celebrated Henry lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son of the earl of Northumberland, who was carried prisoner into Scotland; the other, if not a different modification of this ballad, is on an imaginary conflict between a Douglas and a Percy, occasioned by a hunting match supposed to have been made by the latter in CHEVY CHACE (*i. e.* the heights of *Cheviot* in Northumberland, then within the Scottish march), in which they are both slain. This is known to have been a popular song in the time of queen Elizabeth. "I never heard," says the accomplished sir Philip Sidney, "the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more then with a trumpet; and yet is it but sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice then rude stile: which being so euill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it worke trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare." Notwithstanding this eulogy, it seems to have been little known and much neglected; and, being modernised in a succeeding reign, became totally forgotten, till it was accidentally recovered by that industrious antiquary, mr. Thomas Hearne, by whom it was first printed; and from him bishop Percy inserted it in his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*; in which, likewise, *The Battle of Otterburn*, two copies whereof are luckily extant in the Museum, made its first appearance. These two songs are by this ingenious writer ascribed to a body of men, who are supposed to have been, about this period, and for some preceding centuries, very numerous and respectable; and concerning whom he has favoured the world with a most ingenious and elegant essay. The reader will immediately recollect—the "ancient English minstrels," of whom, before we advance further in our little history, it may not be impertinent or improper to take some notice.

Without attempting to controvert the slightest fact laid down by the learned prelate, one may be well permitted

mitted to question the propriety of his inferences, and, indeed, his general hypothesis. Every part of France, but more especially Normandy, seems to have formerly abounded in minstrels, whose profession has been already described. Many of these people, we can easily suppose, attended the Conqueror, and his Norman barons, in their expedition to England; and perhaps were provided for, or continued to gain a subsistence by their professional art among the settlers. The constant intercourse which so long subsisted between the two countries, that is, while the English monarchs had possessions in France, afforded the French and Norman minstrels constant opportunities of a free and unexpensive passage into England, where they were certain of a favorable reception and liberal rewards from the king, his barons, and other Anglo-Norman subjects. French or Norman minstrels, however, are not English ones. There is not the least proof that the latter were a respectable society, or that they even deserve the name of a society. That there were men in those times, as there are in the present, who gained a livelihood by going about from place to place, singing and playing to the illiterate vulgar, is doubtless true (133); but that they were received into the castles of the nobility, sung at their tables, and were rewarded like the French minstrels, does not any where appear, nor is it at all credible. The reason is evident.

(133) Puttenham gives us the following curious picture of the "Ancient English Minstrels" of his time:

"The ouer busie and too speedy returne of one maner of tune [doth]
 "too much annoy & as it were glut the eare, vnlesse it be in small
 "and popular Musickes song by these *Cantanbanqui* vpon benches and
 "barrels heads where they haue none other audience then boys or
 "country fellows that passe by them in the street, or else by blind
 "harpers or such like tauerne minstrelles that give a fit of mirth for a
 "groat, & their matters being for the most part stories of old time,
 "as the tale of sir Topas, the reportes of Beuis of Southampton,
 "Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough & such
 "other old romances or historicall rimes, made purposely for recreation
 "of the comon people at Christmas dinners & brideales, and in
 "tauernes & alehouses and such other places of base resort." *Arte*
of English Poesie, 1589. p. 69.

The

The French tongue alone was used at court, and in the households of the Norman barons (who despised the Saxon manners and language), for many centuries after the Conquest, and continued till, at least, the reign of Henry VIII. the polite language of both court and country, and as well known as the English itself: a fact of which (to keep to our subject) we need no other evidence than the multitude of French poems and songs to be found in every library. The learned treatise above noticed might, therefor, with more propriety, have been intitled "An Essay on the ancient FRENCH Minstrels," whom the several facts and anecdotes there related alone concern. Of the English minstrels, all the knowledge we have of them is, that by a law of queen Elizabeth they were pronounced "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars (134);" a sufficient proof they were not very respectable in her time, how eminent soever they might have been before (135). That such characters as these should have left us no memorials of themselves is not at all surprising. They could sing and play; but it was none of their business to read or write. So that, whatever their songs may have been, they seem to have perished along with them; for, excepting the two ballads which have been mentioned (neither of which, unless it be from the rude and barbarous jargon in which they are composed, are necessarily ascribable to minstrels), we have not a single composition which can, with any degree of certainty, or even plausibility, be given to a person of this description (136).

Ames,

(134) 39 Eliz. c. 4. s. 2.

(135) They are not represented to much greater advantage by the early historians, "who," it seems, "can seldom afford them a better name than that of *Scurræ, Famelici, Nebulones, &c.*" PERCY (Notes on the Essay, xlii.).

(136) That the reader may not be misled by a term, it will be pertinent to remark that the word is frequently used for a musician in general. Thus "the king's minstrels" were his band of music. The choristers of a cathedral as well as the trumpets of an army are likewise often so called. And in an ordinance of the rump parliament, 1658, which pays the minstrels no more respect than Queen Elizabeth had done, the word is used as synonymous with *fiddlers*, in which more expressive and characteristic appellation it has been since entirely lost.

Ames, the author of the *Typographical Antiquities*, is said to have had in his possession a folio volume of English songs or ballads, composed or collected by one John Lucas, about the year 1450; which sir John Hawkins thinks "is probably yet in being (137)." Whoever has it, would do the public an essential service, by informing them of the nature of its contents. As to Shirleys collection, in the Ashmolean museum, it is of very little value, and contains, at least in the present sense of the words, neither songs nor ballads.

The reign of Edward IV. affords no particular information on the subject. In that of his son and short-lived successor, we have a song written by the learned Anthony Widville, earl Rivers, during the time of his imprisonment, by the arbitrary dictates of the ambitious and usurping Gloucester, in Pontefract castle. This little piece, which is preserved by Rouse the historian, and has been reprinted by Percy, is in imitation of the measure of one ascribed to Chaucer, and begins

Sumwhat musyng, &c.

There is no song extant which can be safely ascribed to the reign of Richard III. Skelton, in the time of his immediate successor, is a poet of some eminence. He was a great writer of "balades" and "dities of pleasure," a few of which we have left; but the best, at least the most humorous of them, is, at present, too gross to be endured, and the others are too insipid to be regarded.

The late mr. Thoresby had a fair large manuscript collection of English songs of this period, with the musical compositions of the most eminent masters, which had once belonged to the lord Fairfax. It afterwards came into the hands of a gentleman in the city, who permitted great part of it to be engraved and published. The music, according to dr. Burney, is somewhat uncouth, but is still better than the poetry. To sing by note, appears to have been then an ordinary accomplishment.

The songs used at this time, and, indeed, down to the Reformation, were mostly in French, Italian, or Latin (138). The music-book of prince Arthur is still ex-

(137) History of Music, II. 91.

(138) Burney, II. 551.

tant: it is full of songs; and there is not an English word among them.

Of Henry the Eighth reign the writer of these pages has before him a tolerably large manuscript, somewhat resembling the Fairfax collection, but more abounding in church services, hymns, carols, and other religious pieces. One of the songs is much in the manner of Skelton, and not without humour. Another, intitled *The kynges ballad*, beginning

Passe tyme with good cumpanye,

is probably the composition of this or the preceding tyrant, each of whom is said to have had a turn for music and song (139). Caligula and Nero affected the same taste.

In the library of the Society of Antiquaries are several old printed copies of songs, on the disgrace of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, which should seem to have been sung and sold in the streets. The first, and perhaps best of them, is reprinted by Percy (140). It is scarcely possible that the fall of Wolfsey was less distinguished.

The Reformation appears to have given full as much employment to the ballad-makers as to the polemical divines. Perhaps, indeed, they were one and the same set. A few of these are to be found in the *Reliques*.

It is much to be regretted that we have no songs of Surrey or Wyatt, the two best poets of that age, and the first who made any progress in polishing and improving the language: unless the latter's exquisite address to his lute can be properly deemed one.

(139) Puttenham (*Arte of English Poesie*, p. 12.) mentions "one Gray" as having grown into great estimation with Henry VIII. "and afterward with the duke of Somerset protectour, for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The bunte is up*, *the bunte is up*." There is likewise a species of poetical harmony, in old books, called "K. H. mirth, or Freemens Songs." For the meaning of the letters K. H. sir John Hawkins says, we are to seek: there cannot be a doubt that they mean *King Henry*.

(140) *Reliques*, II. 64.

Lord Vaux the elder is a song-writer of the two following reigns. His *Aged Lover*, of which the grave-digger in Hamlet sings a few stanzas, and *Cupids Assault*, both preserved at the end of Surrey's poems, and reprinted by Percy, are pieces of no little merit. And, in whatever light the beautiful pastoral of *Harpalus* be considered, the author has done himself much injustice in concealing his name.

We now arrive at the time of queen Elizabeth ; in which we are to look for the origin of the modern English song ; not a single composition of that nature, with the smallest degree of poetical merit, being discoverable at any preceding period ; and, consequently, none earlier is to be found in the collection herewith given to the public (141).

We may venture to place Marlow at the head of the numerous song-writers of this reign ; not more by reason of his priority, than on account of his merit. And yet his Pastoral Invitation is the only song of his which has descended to us ; possibly, which he wrote. But the beautiful and characteristic simplicity of this little piece is fully sufficient to justify the preference here given him on the score of merit. Wither, better known in the political, as well as poetical, annals of the two following reigns, must be esteemed a songster of this. Both he and Marlow are happily imitated by Raleigh. Spenser has inserted a pastoral song in his eclogues. Drayton, a smooth and poetic writer, has left us two or three tolerable songs ; but his excellence is in his larger works. The genius of Shakspeare was as universal as it was sublime : his Lyric productions are superior to those of his contemporaries ; and than some of them nothing better has since appeared.

(141) If we could recover that " bunch of ballets and songs " all ancient," which captain Cox, the literary mafon of Coventry, had " fair wrapt up in parchment and bound with a whipcord : " " as Broom, broom on hill ! So wo iz me begon, trolleyo. Over a whinny weg. Heyding a ding. Bonny lafs upon a green. My bony on " gave me a bak. By a bank az I lay ; and a hundred more " (Langham, Letter from Killingworth, Lon. 1575. 8vo.) it is very possible that the above opinion might prove erroneous.

How

How much ought we to regret the valuable time he sacrificed to the false taste of his age, in the composition of above 150 sonnets (the most difficult and insipid metrical structure ever invented), which, though from the pen of this immortal bard, we can scarcely endure to read!

Sir Philip Sidney wrote a number of things in and out of the *Arcadia*, which were then esteemed songs: but they are all too much in the affected and unnatural manner of the Italian and Spanish poets, to deserve this character at present. His friend, lord Brooke, has, however, left us one piece, which will be always accepted as a good song. And some of the performances of Francis Davison appear the effusions of a real poetical genius, and deserve much praise.

The queen herself had a turn for poetry, which she did not disdain to cultivate. Specimens of her talents are preserved in some contemporary publications; but none of them appears to be a perfect song.

Vere earl of Oxford, master Edwards of the queens chapel, George Gascoigne, Nicholas Breton, and many other distinguished and inferior poets, are among the song-writers of this reign.

The earliest drinking song of any merit, in the language, is that inserted at page 71. of the second volume. How much, if at all, elder it is than the dramatic piece in which it is preserved does not appear.

It is, likewise, to the age of this prince's we are to refer the origin of the English ballad. That the common people of this, like those of almost every other country, have always, even in their rudest state, had songs to celebrate or record national or local occurrences, by whomsoever they may have been composed, is an incontrovertible fact. Unfortunately, however, of these pieces not more than two, both already noticed, are known to exist (142). All the rest, not having been collected or

(142) It may be proper to mention that the ballad of *Captain Car*, printed by Percy under the Scottish title of *Edom (Adam) o Gordon*, is extant in a MS. of queen Elizabeth's time. But whether this be originally English, or only an alteration from the Scottish, and whether the name subjoined be that of the author or transcriber, are circumstances altogether uncertain.

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entered in large volumes, nor ever printed, are irrecoverably lost. What a treasure would it be to possess a collection of the vulgar songs composed and sung during the civil wars of York and Lancaster, in which almost every moment afforded some great, noble, interesting or pathetic subject for the imagination of the poet! How delightful, how instructive, would be the perusal of such a little history of that turbulent and bloody period! The ponderous tomes of Lydgate and Occleve have descended to us in the highest preservation; one would gladly sacrifice the whole for a single page! But the songs of which we are speaking appear to have borne so little resemblance to the style and manner of the old ballads with which we are now acquainted, and from which a part of the present collection is formed, that we may fairly infer that not one of the latter existed before the reign of the above princess. The learned and ingenious bishop Percy has, indeed, published a work, in which a considerable number of songs and ballads, that have never otherwise appeared, are ascribed to a very remote antiquity; an antiquity altogether incompatible with the style and language of the compositions themselves, most of which, one may be allowed to say, bear the strongest intrinsic marks of a *very* modern date. But the genuineness of these pieces cannot be properly investigated or determined without an inspection of the original manuscript, from which they are said to be extracted. As to the ancient black letter copies of the more common English ballads, of which there are several collections extant (143), not more than three are so old as the sixteenth century, nor double the number of a more early date than the reign of king Charles II. The rest, to the amount of many hundreds, appear to have been printed between the Restoration and the commencement of the present century. It is not, however, meant by this to insinuate that none of those in

(143) The largest is one of 5 vols. in the Pepysian library; the next one of 2 in the library of the late major Pearson. There is another in the British, and a fourth in the Ashmolean museum.

the two last descriptions are of equal antiquity, in point of composition, with those in the first: the contrary is certain. That these ballads were originally composed for public singers by profession, and perhaps immediately for printers, booksellers, or those who vended such like things, is highly probable. But whether they were, in every case, first published in single sheets, and not, till afterwards collected into *Garlands*, or whether they made their first appearance in such collections, does not clearly appear. Thomas Deloney and Richard Johnson, writers by profession of amusing books for the populace, were famous ballad-makers about this period. And could we be assured that they were the real authors of the *Garlands*, or collections published under their respective names, we might be able to refer most of the ballads in the present collection to the one or to the other. Elderton has been pronounced peerless in the composition of ballads (144). From him the laurel descended to Martin Parker, the last, perhaps, who was any way celebrated on this account.

The reign of queen Elizabeth is also the age of Madrigals, Catches and Glee: but, as these, though somewhat partaking of the nature of song, claim a much nearer affinity with Euterpe than with Polyhymnia, it will be sufficient to have just mentioned them.

Among the songsters of James the Firsts time, one is pleased to meet the name of that elegant writer and accomplished gentleman sir Henry Wotton. Dr. Donne's imitation of Marlow, and other pieces, intitle him to a place in the list. And of the following song by Ben Jonson, Anacreon, had Anacreon written in English, need not have been ashamed.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine:

(144) See Song XLIX. Part III. One of his ballads is reprinted by Percy.

The

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The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Joves nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a chance that there
It could not withered be :
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

The facetious bishop Corbett is likewise an author of this reign. His *Fairies Farewell* and *Distracted Puritan*, have much humour and merit. The poems of Carew afford many excellent songs: a little more simplicity might have considerably increased the number. Bishop King, whom it would be injustice to forget, must have written toward the end of this reign.

Waller, born in 1605, may be esteemed the first song-writer, as well as the best poet of the reign of Charles I. Milton has left us a few songs, which would have appeared to possess more merit if they had fallen from an author of less dignity. Sucklings *chef d'œuvre* is his *I'll tell thee Dick*. It is to be regretted that the poetical excellence of this celebrated composition should be degraded by grossness of sentiment and impurity of language. Butler and sir John Denham chiefly signalized themselves in spirited attacks on the gloomy and barbarous Roundheads. Indeed the Rebellion and Usurpation form the epoch of satyric songs; with which the Cavaliers seem, until the Restoration, to have kept up a constant poetic fire, which, if it did not any great execution, at least kept the attention of loyalty awake, and, in some measure, no doubt, contributed to that happy event.

Cowley, who commenced author at a very early age, is likewise to be considered as a song-writer of this reign. His *Chronicle* is an admirable performance, and, had his judgement and taste been equal to his vivacity and wit,

wit, would not have been the only song he had left us to commend. Lovelace, L'Estrange, and Shirley, were also writers of songs in this reign.

The reign of Charles the Second is the Augustan age of song : no period having produced so great a number of excellent writers in this species of poetry. This prince was not only the admirer and patron of the art, he cultivated it himself. We have a song of his, beginning

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
which, though by no means remarkable for poetical merit, has certainly enough for the composition of a king. Dryden was undoubtedly great in every species of poetry, but the songs of Etherege, Eaton, Sedley, Rochester, Dorset, and Sheffield (afterwards duke of Bucks), are master-pieces in this ; some of them being absolutely without equal in the language. Amongst these is to be ranked Dorset's incomparable address to the ladies, written at sea, on the eve of an engagement (145).

Otways pathetic remonstrance to his inexorable mistresses, would have entitled him to the character of an elegant writer, even if it had been his only composition. Scroop, Walth, and many other song-writers of merit, are to be singled out of

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

Mrs. Behn deserves a more particular acknowledgement. And we should do injustice to a laborious, and, according to his own account, most successful and happy writer, were we to omit the honoured name of Tom D'Urfey ; who, besides that he composed more songs, perhaps, than all his contemporaries put together ; most of them being great favourites with the nation, and many of them still remaining so, particularly his loyal ode of *Joy to great Cæsar* ; which, once echoed by all ranks, is yet frequently chanted with delight ; and, as Mr. Ad-

(145) It is strange that any person should be so blind to the plaintive tenderness of this elegant performance as to mistake the wit and point with which it abounds for intentional burlesque !

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dison pleasantly observes, gave the Whigs (to whom honest Tom was a sworn foe, till he lived to see them get into power) a blow they were never able to recover during that reign; was a very good musician, and possessed an excellent voice; with which he had frequently the high honour to entertain his majesty at Newmarket and elsewhere; the good-natured monarch familiarly condescending to hold the paper, and accompany his artful strains, or beat the time by gentle taps upon his shoulder (146).

The short time of the misguided and unfortunate James might pass unnoticed. We only discover, in the party songs of this period, the most rancorous hatred displayed in the grossest scurrility. But what an astonishing effect these vulgar and despicable rhapsodies had upon the temper of the times, we may, in some measure conjecture from the brags of that unprincipled character, lord (afterwards marquis of) Wharton, who was wont to boast that, by the most foolish of them all (147), he had rimed the king out of his dominions.

James was not insensible to the powers of poetry and wit; he had conceived a great friendship for Wycherly, on whom he bestowed many favours. We mention this poet as a song-writer; but all his performances, as such, however well adapted they might be to the licentious manners and too luxuriant wit of his age, are now deservedly neglected.

The Revolution, one may be certain, did not take place without giving rise to numbers of songs and ballads both for and against that important event. But all of them are too strongly tinctured with the venom of party, to retain the least appearance of merit.

The prince who obtained possession of the vacant throne was too much of the phlegmatic Dutchman to be sensible of the merit, or susceptible of the power of

(146) The king understood music sufficiently to sing the tenor part of an easy song. He would sometimes sing with Mr. Gosling, one of the gentlemen of his chapel, who was master of a fine voice; the duke of York accompanying them on the guitar. Hawkins, IV. 359.

(147) Lilliburlero. See Percy. II. 367.

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poetry, music, or song. Even the harp of Orpheus would have made no impression upon *him*. Her majesty, however, as we learn from a curious anecdote, had not sacrificed to a throne her infantine relish for the homely English ballad (148).

Prior is the first poet of eminence we meet with after this period. His songs are numerous; most of them are spirited, ingenious, and witty; a few are tender, sentimental and pathetic; all excellent of their kind. Lansdown, a writer of name, has left us some indifferent songs. Congreve, gay, spritely, and licentious, too frequently suffered his wit to surprise his judgement. The little piece, however, beginning

False though she be to me and love,

is no unpleasing proof of what he was capable of. The songs of Rowe, on the contrary, are all soft, tender and plaintive. The consequence is, that his *Despairing Shepherd* will be admired when *Buxom Joan* is entirely forgotten.

With Steel, who has left such a favorable specimen of his talents for two different kinds of song, the tender and the lively, as to make us regret they were not more exerted, we may commence the reign of queen Ann.

(148) "The queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gostling, then one of the chapel, and afterwards subdean of St. Pauls, to Henry Purcell and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her; they obeyed her commands; Mr. Gostling and Mrs. Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord; at length the queen beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs. Hunt if she could not sing the old Scots ballad 'Cold and Raw', Mrs. Hunt answered yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but seeing her majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and accordingly in the next birth-day song, viz. that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words, 'May her bright example chase vice in troops out of the land,' the bass whereof is the tune to Cold and Raw; it is printed in the second part of the *Orpheus Britannicus*, and is note for note the same with the Scots tune." Hawkins, IV. 6.

Philips:

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Philippes happy version of Sappho is deservedly esteemed a considerable acquisition to English song. The name of Addison will do the subject more credit than the two pieces to which it could with certainty be prefixed may be thought to do him. The first of them, however, is in the true spirit of Rochester, and has abundant merit. And there is some reason to suspect that many of his best songs have been usually printed either under a different name, or without any name at all. Tickell has united the tenderest sentiments with the most interesting narrative: *Colin and Lucy* is unrivaled. Of the few songs of Parnell, though none of them seems to be remarkable for that peculiar sweetness which distinguishes his more serious compositions, the little pastoral in the present volume has been always admired. Hill, without his affectation and love of conceit, would have been, if not a poet, a song-writer of eminence. He is one of those writers whom we can hardly praise, and must be loth to condemn. Byroms beautiful and celebrated pastoral song of *Colin and Phœbe* was the production of this æra. Of this species of song simplicity is the principal requisite, but even simplicity may be affected, excessive and puerile, and such has, not, perhaps, without reason, been pronounced the fault of this popular performance; though much may, doubtless, be alledged in extenuation of it, from the nature of his subject and the practice of greater writers.

Gay, the accomplished, the inimitable Gay, is the ornament of the ensuing reign. The infinite obligations which the lovers of song are under to this admirable writer can never be sufficiently expressed. Lively, humorous, witty, elegant, tender and pathetic; happy and successful in whatever the universality of his genius prompted him to undertake; his spirit, his sentiment, his language are pure nature; and, while a love of poetry and song, or a particle of taste remains among us, will certainly be remembered, and must always please. The ingenious and libertine duke of Wharton is a song-writer of this period. Booth, Croxall, Concanen, Budgell, lady M. W. Montague, sir W. Yonge, and

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and others, are intitled, with various degrees of merit, to the same character. Carey ought not to be mentioned without every commendation. His happy simplicity and unaffected manner interest and charm the reader of natural taste. *Sally in our ally* was a particular favourite of mr. Addison ; and *his* judgment, which, however, wants no countenance, is confirmed by its popularity.

The name of Pope will shed a lustre over the long reign of George II. in which we have the gratification to introduce him. The single performance he condescended to leave is an exquisite parody or satirical imitation, written in 1733, in the character of " a person of " quality," of the fashionable sing-song of that and the preceding age. It was inadvertently omitted in the collection, but the reader will not be sorry to find it here.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth ;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamant chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elyfian plains.

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Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelias brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her absent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping,
Melody relings to fate (149).

While this great poet was thus endeavouring to laugh out of countenance the flowery insipidity, discordant images, and unnatural conceit of a favourite species of love song, his friend Swift was employed in turning into deserved ridicule the strange affected musical jargon then in vogue (150). And never, surely, was any thing more justly conceived, or more happily executed than these two efforts of wit and genius in support of common sense and true taste. Nor does a want of success, (if that be the case) any way detract from, or lessen the merit of the attempt. Swift, who might, with equal propriety, have been placed in either of the two preceding reigns, produced a number of political, satirical, and jocose pieces, upon common and popular subjects, which appear to have been designed for the capacity and notice of the vulgar, in aid of the *cantilene triviae* of his time. *Clever Tom Clinch* is a master-piece in its way. But how far these compositions suited the comprehension and taste of an English or Irish mob we are not certified. The known song-writers of this period are, as it might be naturally expected, indifferently numerous, and many

(149) Compare Song XL. Class I. See also Hill's Poems. The musical reader will be at no loss for a pertinent tune, who recollects the admired air of

How imperfect is expression,
a composition in the true spirit of Pope.

(150) See his incomparable *Cantata*, set by Lampe.

of them of the first eminence. The beautiful songs of Lyttelton resemble the gentle murmurs of the turtle; Shenstone sings with all the elegant simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd; and the nightingales plaintive strains are emulated by the elegiac tenderness of Collins. Chesterfield has left a few songs; they are neat and pointed, and would not have deserved less commendation if the flippant muse of their noble author could have been always kept within the pale of delicacy and virtue. The names of Middlesex and Glover will be immortalised by *Arnos Vale* and *Hofers Ghost*. The compositions, at least, will scarcely be forgotten, if the authors should. Dr. Johnson, though still living, is a song-writer of this reign. Several of his performances are inserted in the present collection. But song is a province in which this great writer does not appear with his usual advantage. His pen is much too heavy for so light a subject. Mr. Jenyns stands in the same predicament; not, indeed, as to the character of his compositions, which for the graces of style and manner admit few superiors. The cause of poetry, indeed, is more indebted to this elegant writer than that of virtue and innocence. But the situation of his most reprehensible production in the present volume will serve as an antidote to the poison it contains.

Dr. Daltons additions to Miltons *Mask* have unexampled merit. The many elegant and spirited songs which he has so judiciously introduced into this admirable drama are some of the most finished and beautiful compositions in the language. All of them were not, it must be confessed, equally proper for the present publication, but no reflection is intended to be thrown on those which have been designedly omitted; as there is not one which does not, in some degree, contribute to the perfection and moral of the piece.

Mr. Whitehead, the present laureat, has given us two excellent songs. It were to be wished that the nature of his office had obliged him to furnish us with more. His annual odes, though, doubtless, far superior to those of his predecessors, are seldom remembered; but *Te belles and ye firts* will be never forgotten.

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Moore is one of the most pleasing and natural of our song writers. The justness and beauty of his sentiments, and the agreeable familiarity of his language and manner, render him equally intelligible and delightful to all ranks; at least wherever nature can be judge. With less affectation, Smart would probably have been intitled to a similar character.

Dr. Percy, now bishop of Dromore, the editor of, and author of some pieces in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, so frequently noticed, has, independent of his contributions to that work, favoured the public with one most beautiful song. It would not depreciate the merit, though it might affect the originality, of this elegant composition, if it were universally known to be a close imitation of some of the most tender and poetical passages in *Henry and Emma*.

The late mr. Dodsley, dr. Akenfide, dr. Hawkefworth, mr. Brerewood, mrs. Pilkington, (the two last of whom deserve particular commendation, although the praise due to the former on account of the two pieces here inserted is necessarily accompanied with the censure due to him on account of the two which were obliged to be omitted) sir C. H. Williams and sir J. Moore are song-writers of consequence in this reign. The list might undoubtedly be increased with names no less respectable. And there are numerous compositions, which, though they might do credit to any author, have been claimed by none.

The fertile but licentious imagination of Stevens has supplied us with a volume of songs. It has been the study of this celebrated bard (for he sung what he composed) to promote the hilarity of the festive board, and "set the table on a roar." And it is only fair to say, that his attempts have generally proved successful. But as the convivial disposition of those whom it was his business to please was not characterised by its delicacy, many of his compositions are such as, in a purer age, would have obtained him rather infamy than credit. Woty, a genius of a similar turn, is intitled, though in a smaller degree, to the same kind of praise.

The

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The *Vaudevilles* which Garrick and Paul Whitehead composed for the stage toward the end of this reign are excellent in their kind, and well deserved the popularity they acquired. One of these pieces is inserted in the present collection (Vol. II. p. 56). *Hearts of Oak* has even greater merit, and *In story we're told* is without its equal in the language.

The cultivation and improvement of song is not among the blessings of the present reign. The number of writers and productions of merit in this, and indeed in every other species of poetry, is comparatively small. We have one song by Churchill, and a few by Lloyd : but these compositions, though certainly not devoid of merit, are far from being equal to their poetical abilities. Goldsmith and Cunningham are song-writers of this period. And since it is not the extent but the excellence of the composition which constitutes the poet, if the former had produced nothing but the two stanzas inserted under his name in the present volume, he would have been entitled to an eminent rank. Cunningham, though not equal to his countryman (151) in native genius, and still less so in learned application, possesses a pleasing simplicity which cannot fail to recommend him to a reader of unadulterated taste. This simplicity may, perhaps, in some of his compositions, be thought too great ; but when it is known that they were necessarily adapted to the intellects of a country theatre, little censure can be justly incurred by the poet.

Bickerstaff has been fortunate that so many of his best songs can be detached from the dramatic characters to which they belong. Had his integrity and candour been equal to his genius, he would have merited a greater praise. To the amiable muse of mrs. Barbauld we are considerably indebted. The ingenious and elegant author of the *School for Scandal* has shewn that the drama is not the only species of the poetical art at his command. His songs are not less remarkable for their singularity than

(151) They were both from Ireland ; and born in the same year.

for

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terest and affect the mind beyond any other species of musical modulation. But, as an accurate investigation and ample discussion of this curious and important subject is intended for a future opportunity, when it will be naturally expected, and may more properly appear, it is thought sufficient, on the present occasion, just to inform the reader that the omission has not been unintentional.

PART

PART THE FIRST.

L O V E - S O N G S.

4





LOVE-SONGS.

CLASS I.

SONG I.

AH Chloris! could I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought the rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 Like metals in a mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.

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B

But

L O V E - S O N G S.

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she. O.

S O N G II.

B Y M I S S A I K I N*.

W H E N first upon your tender cheek
 I saw the morn of beauty break
 With mild and chearing beam,
 I bow'd before your infant shrine,
 The earliest sighs you had were mine,
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
 For beautys boundless empire born,
 And first confess'd your sway ;
 And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
 Could learn the value of a heart,
 I gave my heart away.

* Now Mrs. Barbauld.

I watch'd

LOVE - SONGS.

3

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;
And fondly blest'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crouds adore ;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the fight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising god of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And blest the spreading fire ;
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They sicken and expire.

SONG III.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me ! what meant my throbbing breast ?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest !

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Though hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair ;
But let me live, and let me burn.

L O V E - S O N G S.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create :
 And, though you cannot love again,
 In pity, oh ! forbear to hate.

S O N G I V.

T H E I N C H A N T M E N T.

B Y M R. O T W A Y.

I Did but look and love a while,
 'Twas but for one half hour ;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no pow'r.

To fight, and wish, is all my ease ;
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

O ! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast ;
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

S O N G V.

B Y V I S C O U N T M O L E S W O R T H.

A L M E R I A S face, her shape, her air,
 With charms resistless wound the heart ;
 In vain you for defence prepare,
 When from her eyes Love throws his dart.

LOVE - SONGS.

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So strong, so swift the arrow flies,
Such sure destruction flying makes;
The bold opposer quickly dies!
The fugitive it overtakes!

Nor stratagem, nor force avails,
No feign'd submission sets you free;
One look o'er all your art prevails,
There's no way safe but not to see!

For such the magic of her arms,
And wounding she does so allure;
The unexperienc'd court their harms;
The wounded never wish a cure.

SONG VI.

THE VAIN ADVICE.

BY MRS. COCKBURN.

AH gaze not on those eyes! forbear
That soft enchanting voice to hear:
Not looks of basilisks give surer death,
Not Syrens sing with more destructive breath.

Fly, if thy freedom thou'dst maintain.
Alas! I feel, th' advice is vain!
A heart, whose safety but in flight does lie,
Is too far lost to have the pow'r to fly.

S O N G V I I.

B Y A A R O N H I L L E S Q.

OH! forbear to bid me flight her,
 Soul and senses take her part;
 Could my death itself delight her,
 Life should leap, to leave my heart.
 Strong, though soft, a lovers chain,
 Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
 Love would light it, at her eyes;
 Or, her tuneful voice applying,
 Through my ear, my soul surprise.
 Deaf, I see the fate I shun;
 Blind, I hear I am undone.

S O N G V I I I.

WHILE from my looks, fair nymph, you guess
 The secret passions of my mind,
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art
 To have this fatal secret found;
 With the same ease you threw the dart
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How

L O V E - S O N G S.

7

How can I see you and not love,
While you as opening East are fair?
While cold as Northern blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release;
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophets! my grief would cease.

S O N G IX.

T H E S N O W - B A L L.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

BY SOAME JENYNS ESQ.

WHITE as her hand, fair Julia threw
A ball of silver snow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm;
When sent, fair Julia, from thy hand,
Ev'n ice itself can warm.

L O V E - S O N G S.

How should we then secure our hearts ;
 Loves pow'r we all must feel ;
 Who thus can, by strange magic arts,
 In ice his flame conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
 Canst quench my fierce desire ;
 But not with water, ice, or snow,
 But with an equal fire.

S O N G X.

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH*.

I Smile at Love, and all his arts,
 The charming Cynthia cried ;
 Take heed, for Love has piercing darts,
 A wounded swain replied :

Once free, and blest, as you are now,
 I trifled with his charms,
 I pointed at his little bow,
 And sported with his arms :

'Till urg'd too far—Revenge, he cries !
 A fatal shaft he drew,
 Which took its passage through your eyes,
 And to my heart it flew :

To

* In the comedy of *The Relapse*.

L O V E - S O N G S.

To tear it thence I tried in vain,
To strive, I quickly found,
Was only to increase the pain,
And mortify the wound ;

Too well, alas ! I fear, you know
What anguish I endure,
Since what your eyes alone could do,
Your heart alone can cure.

S O N G X I.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

WHILST on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin ;
'Tis not for pity that I move ;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.

But

But whether life or death betide,
 In love 'tis equal measure;
 The victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

S O N G XII.

I lik'd, but never lov'd, before
 I saw thy charming face;
 Now ev'ry feature I adore,
 And dote on ev'ry grace.

She ne'er shall know the kind desire
 Which her cold look denies,
 Unless my heart, that's all on fire,
 Should sparkle through my eyes.

Then if no gentle glance return
 A silent leave to speak,
 My heart, which would for ever burn,
 Must sigh, alas! and break.

O.

S O N G

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S O N G X I I I .

B Y M R . A D D I S O N .

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:
Till by her wit Corinna fav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false inconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

S O N G X I V .

I Never saw a face till now,
That could my fancy move;
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a vow,
But durst not think of love:

Till

L O V E - S O N G S.

Till beauty charming ev'ry sense,
 An easy conquest made ;
 And show'd the vaineſs of defence,
 When Phillis does invade.

But oh ! her colder heart denies
 The thoughts her looks inſpire ;
 And while in ice that frozen lies,
 Her eyes dart only fire.
 Between extremes I am undone,
 Like plants too Northward ſet ;
 Burnt by too violent a ſun,
 Or ſtarv'd for want of heat. O.

S O N G XV.

WITH women I have paſs'd my days,
 And ev'ry minute bleſs'd ;
 No ſecret ſigh controul'd my eaſe,
 No wiſh diſturb'd my reſt.
 Thus, void of care, my hours have flown,
 For ſtill I found my heart my own.

I often prais'd a handſome face,
 Extoll'd a ſparkling eye,
 And ſafe, 'examin'd ev'ry grace,
 Without a real ſigh.
 Thus, void of care, my hours have flown,
 For ſtill I found my heart my own.

I heard

I heard the force of spritely wit,
 With strength of reason fir'd,
 Thoughts that a mufes tongue might fit,
 And each bright turn admir'd.
 Thus, void of care, my hours have flown,
 For still I found my heart my own.

I listen'd to the Syrens voice
 By magic art improv'd ;
 The Syren could not fix my choice,
 The fong alone I lov'd.
 Thus, void of care, my hours have flown,
 For still I found my heart my own.

But now, o Love I own thy reign,
 I find thee in my heart ;
 I know, I feel the pleasing pain,
 'Twas Chloe threw the dart.
 Chloe her utmost power has shown,
 My heart is now no more my own.

I faw, I heard, and felt the flame,
 For Chloe fmil'd and spoke ;
 O Cupid, take another aim,
 Or elfe my heart is broke !
 To Chloe let the dart be thrown,
 And make her heart no more her own.

S O N G X V I.

W^HY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 They can behold with love ?
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind ;
 And, while I rove from fair to fair,
 Still gentle usage find.

But oh ! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part ;
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.
 So restless exiles doom'd to roam,
 Meet pity every where ;
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

O.

S O N G X V I I.

B Y L O R D L Y T T E L T O N *.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind ;
 Which pity and esteem can move ;
 Which can be just and kind ?

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest,
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast ?

* " Written in the year 1732."

Alas !

L O V E - S O N G S.

15

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We ev'ry bliss must gain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

S O N G XVIII.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over :
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love ?
 Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From flighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
 To wish the wildest tempests loose :
 That thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain ;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of flighted vows, and cold disdain.

S O N G XIX.

FAIN would you ease my troubled heart,
 And by examples prove,
 That men unhurt may feel the dart,
 And bear the pangs of love.

Why

Why should not I then undergo
 The gen'ral doom of all ?
 'Tis granted, most survive the blow,
 Yet many by it fall.

Your counsels may my thanks engage,
 But not my love controul ;
 Alas ! such juleps ne'er assuage
 This fever of the soul.

Such to the burning patient give,
 When fate approaches nigh,
 Tell him that thousands through it live,
 While he must by it die.

S O N G XX.

W H Y, Delia, ever when I gaze,
 Appears in frowns that lovely face ?
 Why are these smiles to me denied
 That gladden ev'ry heart beside ?
 In vain your eyes my flame reprove ;
 I may despair, but still must love.

From sweetest airs I sought relief,
 And hop'd from music, cure for grief ;
 Fool that I was ! the thrilling sound
 Serv'd only to increase the wound ;
 I, while for rest I fondly strove,
 Forgot that music strengthens love.

To

L O V E - S O N G S.

17

To pleasures of a different kind
 Soon undeceiv'd I turn'd my mind ;
 I fought the fair, the gay, the young,
 And dress'd, and play'd, and danc'd, and sung ;
 Vain joys ! too weak my heart to move,
 Ah ! what are you to her I love ?

When drooping on the bed of pain,
 I look'd on every hope as vain ;
 When pitying friends stood weeping by,
 And Deaths pale shade seem'd hovering nigh,
 No terror could my flame remove,
 Or steal a thought from her I love.

Absence may bring relief, I cried,
 And strait the dreadful hope I tried ;
 Alas ! in vain was ev'ry care ;
 Still in my heart I bore my fair ;
 Ah ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 To shun despair, or fly from love ?

S O N G X X I.

BY ROBERT WOLSELEY ESQ.

AH ! blame me not, if no despair
 A passion you inspire can end,
 Nor think it strange, too charming fair,
 If love, like other flames, ascend.

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C

If

If to approach a saint with prayer
 Unworthy votaries pretend,
 Above all merit Heaven and you
 To the sincere are only due.

Long did respect awe my proud aim,
 And fear t' offend my madness cover,
 Like you it still reprov'd my flame,
 And in the friend would hide the lover,
 But by things that want a name
 I the too bold truth discover.
 My words in vain are in my power,
 My looks betray me every hour.

S O N G XXII.

T H E S I L E N T L O V E R.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

W R O N G not, sweet mistress of my heart!
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart,
 Who sues for no compassion.

Since, if my complaints were not t' approve
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear t' exceed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
 A faint of such perfection,
 As all desire, but none deserve,
 A place in her affection,

I rather

I rather chuse to want relief,
 Than venture the revealing :
 Where glory recommends the grief,
 Despair disdains the healing.

Thus those desires that boil so high
 In any mortal lover,
 When reason cannot make them die,
 Discretion them must cover,

Yet when discretion doth bereave
 The plaints that I should utter,
 Then your discretion may perceive
 That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty ;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart !
 My love for secret passion :
 He smarteth most that hides his smart,
 And sues for no compassion.

S O N G XXIII.

YOU may cease to complain,
 For your suit is in vain,
 All attempts you can make
 But augment her disdain ?

She bids you give o'er
While 'tis in your power,
For, except her esteem,
She can grant you no more :
Her heart has been long since
Assaulted and won,
Her truth is as lasting
And firm as the sun ;
You'll find it more easy
Your passion to cure,
Than for ever those fruitless
Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
To the wretched and wise,
But a lover like me
Will those precepts despise ;
I scorn to give o'er,
Were it still in my power ;
Though esteem were denied me,
Yet her I'll adore,
A heart that's been touch'd
Will some sympathy bear,
'Twill lessen my sorrows,
If she takes a share.
I'll count it more honour
In dying her slave,
Than did her affections
My steadiness crave.

You

LOVE - SONGS.

You may tell her I'll be
Her true lover, though she
Should mankind despise
Out of hatred to me;
'Tis mean to give o'er
'Cause we get no reward,
She lost not her worth
When I lost her regard:
My love on an altar
More noble shall burn,
I still will love on,
Without hopes of return;
I'll tell her some other
Has kindled the flame,
And I'll fight for her self
In a counterfeit name.

SONG XXIV.

GOOD REASON FOR LOVING.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

SAW you the nymph whom I adore,
Saw you the goddess of my heart?
And can you bid me love no more,
Or can you think I feel no smart?

So many charms around her shine,
Who can the sweet temptation fly!
Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,
That I must love her, though I die.

L O V E - S O N G S.

S O N G XXV.

BY DR. HENRY KING,

BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

TELL me no more how fair she is,
 I have no mind to hear
 The story of that distant bliss
 I never shall come near :
 By sad experience I have found
 That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
 To tempt my daring fate,
 From whence no triumph ever came,
 But to repent too late :
 There is some hope ere long I may
 In silence doat myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
 Nor will thy justice blame,
 So that thou wilt not envy me
 The glory of my flame :
 Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
 In that it falls her sacrifice.

S O N G XXVI.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind ;
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose;
Love and Destiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her, must love her, who loves her, must die. O.

S O N G XXVII.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee*. O.

* This delicious little sonnet has been generally ascribed to Shakespeare, but it is far from certain that he was the author of it. The first stanza is sung in Measure for Measure, and both verses are to be found in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

S O N G XXVIII.

BY EDMUND WALLER ESQ.

GO lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

 Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

 Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retir'd;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer her self to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

 Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet, and fair.

S O N G

LOVE-SONGS.

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SONG XXIX.

BY MR. GAY*.

GO, rose, my Chloes bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love;
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die!

Know hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy withering head reclin'd
With envy and despair.
One common fate we both must prove,
You die with envy, I with love.

SONG XXX.

TO A LADY READING SHERLOCK UPON DEATH.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving,
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

* In the Fable of The Poet and the Rose.

To

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon, without a matter ;
 Then let us only study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blest be blest,
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest, I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G XXXI.

W H E N first I fair Celinda knew,
 Her kindness then was great :
 Her eyes I could with pleasure view,
 And friendly rays did meet :

In all delights we pass'd the time,
 That could diversion move ;
 She oft would kindly hear me rhyme
 Upon some others love.

But, ah ! at last I grew too bold,
 Pres'd by my growing flame ;
 For when my passion I had told,
 She hated ev'n my name :

Thus



Thus I that could her friendship boast,
 And did her love pursue;
 Am taught contentment, at the cost
 Of love and friendship too.

O.

S O N G XXXII.

W H E N fair Serrena first I knew
 By friendships happy union charm'd,
 Incessant joys around her flew,
 And gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.

But when, with fond officious care,
 I prefs'd to breathe my amorous pain;
 Her lips spoke nought but cold despair,
 Her eyes shot ice through every vein.

Thus, in Italias lovely vales,
 The sun his genial vigour yields;
 Reviving heat each sense regales,
 And plenty crowns the smiling fields.

When nearer we approach his ray;
 High on the Alps tremendous brow,
 Surpris'd we see pale sun-beams play
 On everlasting hills of snow.

S O N G

L O V E - S O N G S .

S O N G XXXIII.

FAIREST of thy sex and best,
 Admit my humble tale ;
 'Twill ease the torment 'of my breast,
 Though I shall ne'er prevail.

No fond ambition me does move
 Your favour to implore,
 I ask not for return of love,
 But freedom to adore.

O.

S O N G XXXIV.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL ESQ.

COULD you guess, for I ill can repeat
 The sensation I'm destin'd to prove ;
 'Tis something than friendship more sweet,
 More passionate even than love.

For ever, when absent from you,
 Pale Echo returns my fond sighs ;
 But when haply your beauties I view,
 On my lips the faint utterance dies.

This the secret I had to betray ;
 And the fate of my passion is such,
 That in what I was prompted to say,
 Methinks I have utter'd too much.

S O N G

S O N G XXXV.

L' A M O U R T I M I D E .

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY SIR JOHN MOORE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
 Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
 Pity the sorrows I endure,
 The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys—
 That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—
 I fear will last me all my days,
 But feel it will not last me long.

S O N G XXXVI.

BY*

THE silver rain, the pearly dew,
 The gales that sweep along the mead,
 The soften'd rocks 'once' sorrow knew,
 And marbles have found tears to shed :
 The sighing trees, in every grove,
 Have pity, if they have not love.

* In Mrs. Clives (two act) comedy of the Rehearsal, or Bayes in petticoats.

Shall

L O V E - S O N G S.

Shall things inanimate be kind,
 And every soft sensation know;
 The weeping rain, and sighing wind,
 All, all, but thee, some mercy show.
 Ah pity, if you scorn t'approve,
 Have pity, if thou hast not love.

S O N G XXXVII.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
 In vain cold friendship you return;
 Your drops of pity on my fire
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame suppress
 That kills the heart it heats too fast,
 Take half my passion to your breast,
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

S O N G XXXVIII.

BY MRS. BEHN.

'TIS not your saying that you love,
 Can ease me of my smart:
 Your actions must your words approve,
 Or else you break my heart.

In

In vain you bid my passions cease,
 And ease my troubled breast,
 Your love alone must give me peace,
 Restore my wonted rest.

But if I fail your heart to move,
 And 'tis not yours to give,
 I cannot, will not cease to love,
 But I will cease to live.

S O N G XXXIX.

B Y M R. D R Y D E N.

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain :
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 'Thy words will more prevail than mine.
 For souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain'd this kind relief,
 That music should in sounds convey
 What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live ;
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid,
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress :
 For ah ! the wretch, that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his eyes.

S O N G

LOVE-SONGS.

SONG XL.

BY AARON HILL ESQ.

GENTLE Love, this hour befriend me,
 To my eyes resign thy dart;
 Notes of melting music lend me,
 To dissolve a frozen heart.

Chill, as mountain snow, her bosom;
 Though I tender language use,
 'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
 To my arms, and to my muse.

See! my dying eyes are pleading,
 Where a breaking heart appears:
 For thy pity interceding,
 With the eloquence of tears.

While the lamp of life is fading,
 And beneath thy coldness dies,
 Death my ebbing soul invading,
 Take my soul into thy eyes.

SONG XLI.

CONSTANCY.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

I Cannot change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn;
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.

No,

No, Phillis, no, your heart to move,
A surer way I'll try :
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies ;
And you to mind shall call,
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall :
That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain ;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break in vain.

SONG XLII.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

TO melancholy thoughts a prey,
With love and grief oppress'd ;
To peace a stranger all the day,
And all the night to rest.

For thee, disdainful fair, I pine,
And wake the tender sigh ;
By that obdurate heart of thine,
My balmy blessings fly.

O look to yon celestial sphere,
Where souls in rapture glow,
And dread to want that mercy there,
Which you refus'd below.

S O N G XLIII.

BY THE EARL OF DORSET*.

TO all you ladies now at land,
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write;
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen or by wind:
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a day.
 With a fa, &c.

* " Written at sea, in the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement."

'The King, with wonder and surprise,
 Will swear the seas grow bold ;
 Because the tides will higher rise,
 Than e'er they did of old :
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
 With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story ;
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree :
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind ?
 With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind ;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find :
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
 With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main ;
 Or else at serious ombre play ;
 But why should we in vain
 Each others ruin thus pursue ?
 We were undone when we left you.
 With a fa, &c.

But ~~now~~ our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note ;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote :
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress ;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears :
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

SONG

S O N G X L I V .

BY LORD LYTTLETON*.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me :
 My longing eyes may hope at last,
 Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare,
 Your heart is still the same ;
 And heal each idly-anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When shortly we shall meet ;
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loitering time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love :

* " Written in the year 1733."

All I of Venus ask, is this ;
 No more to let us join :
 But grant me here the flattering bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

S O N G XLV.

BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst ;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst !
 By partners in each other kind,
 Afflictions easier grow ;
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
 Are lab'ring in my breast ;
 I beg not you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest !
 How great foe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope ;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not anothers hope.

S O N G

LOVE - SONGS.

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SONG XLVI.

TO CHLOE JEALOUS.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

(" THE AUTHOR SICK.")

YES, fairest proof of beautys pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour :
And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh nor shed a tear ;
Left yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousys tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed :
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fated youth
Shall with his am'rous parly move thee ;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus, persists to love thee.

SONG XLVII.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

THOUGH cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true,
Yet Phillis ! you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view :
D 4 Enjoyment's

L O V E - S O N G S .

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heav'n would it be !
 To him but a woman you seem ;
 But ah, you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow ;
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go.
 That arm, like a lily so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them and fly to the plain
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel your disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelly drown,
 Oh let me not live in this pain ;
 But give me my death in a frown !

S O N G XLVIII.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest ?
 What hell is this within my breast ?
 Now I abhor, and now I love ;
 And each an equal torment prove.

I see

LOVE - S O N G S.

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I see Celindas cruelty,
 I see she loves all men but me;
 I see her falsehood, see her pride,
 I see ten thousand faults beside;
 I see she sticks at nought that's ill;
 Yet, oh ye-powers! I love her still.
 Others on precipices run,
 Which, blind with love, they cannot shun,
 I see my danger, see my ruin,
 Yet seek, yet court my own undoing:
 And each new reason I explore
 To hate her, makes me love her more.

S O N G XLIX.

O F J E A L O U S Y.

B Y M R. D R Y D E N *.

WHAT state of life can be so blest,
 As love that warms a lovers breast?
 Two souls in one; the same desire
 To grant the bliss and to require:
 But if in heaven a hell we find,
 'Tis all from thee,
 O Jealousy!
 'Tis all from thee,
 O Jealousy!
 Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind.

* In the tragi-comedy of Love triumphant.

All

L O V E - S O N G S.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
 Serve to refine and perfect love :
 In absence, or unkind disdain,
 Sweet hope relieves the lovers pain :
 But, ah, no cure but death we find
 To set us free
 From Jealousy :
 O Jealousy !
 Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
 Some set too near, and some too far :
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns, and gives no light.
 All torments of the damn'd we find
 In only thee,
 O Jealousy !
 Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind.

S O N G L.

BY EDMUND WALLER ESQ.

SAY, lovely dream, where could'st thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face ?
 Colours of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.

In

In Heaven itself thou sure wert drest
 With that angel-like disguise;
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream:
 Cruel Sacharissas mind
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heavenly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape;
 Such as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
 Softly in her sleeping ear,
 With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall:
 Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And death resembling, equals all.

S O N G L I.

L O V E F O R L O V E S S A K E.

B Y M R. H E N R Y C A R E Y.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
And gather all the sweetest flowers;
I'll strip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When, in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does panting lay,
I'll hasten to the rivers brink,
And drain the floods but she shall drink.

At night, to rest her weary head,
I'll make my love a grassy bed;
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close these eyes;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
Dispels the darksome shades away,
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
To seek provision for my fair.

Thus

LOVE - SONGS.

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Thus will I spend the day and night,
Still mixing labour with delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the nymph, whom thus I love,
To her fond swain should faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

SONG LII.

BY LORD LANSDOWN.

WHY cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love,

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But

But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art,
 Ah Celia! if true love's your price,
 Behold it in my heart.

S O N G LIII.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold;
 When from the silence of the grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love:

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock or oozy beach;
 Who, from each barren weed that grows,
 Expects the grape or blushing peach;
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, or gardens fair,
 A damsel's venal heart to gain;
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas! have nought but love.

How

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold ;
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they figh, they figh for gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of Indias coast,
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
 Not all their fire can ever boast
 The living lustre of her eyes:
 For these the world too cheap would prove;
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

O Silvia! since nor gems, nor ore,
 Can with your brighter charms compare,
 Consider what I proffer's more,
 More seldom found, a soul sincere:
 Let riches meaner beauties move,
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

S O N G L I V.

T H E C O M P L A I N T.

T O A S C O T C H T U N E.

B Y M R. O T W A Y.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain
 Were Sylvia less unkind.

For

For when, as long her chains I've worn,
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of scorn ;
Alas, 'twill break my heart !

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
May offer heaps of gold,
But surely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be sold ;
Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
For wealth and not desert,
And my poor sighs and tears despise ?
Alas, 'twill break my heart !

When like some panting, hovering dove,
I for my bliss contend,
And plead the cause of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah, Sylvia ! thus in vain you strive
To act a healers part,
'Twill keep my lingering pain alive,
Alas ! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive bed
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breast,

Her

Her cruelty all ease denies ;
 With some sad dream I start,
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.

Then rising, through the path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells ;
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 'Till morning bids depart !
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :
 Alas, 'twill break my heart !

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told :
 For every lovely generous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart.

S O N G . LV.

B Y D R. B Y R O M.

MY time, o ye Muses ! was happily spent,
 When Phebe went with me where ever I went :
 Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast ;
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest !

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E

But

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvelous change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the spring, but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful, and gay,
 My heart was as light as a feather all day.
 But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!
 But now in their frolics, when by me they pass,
 I sting at their fleeces an handful of grass;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow ; and patted his head :
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry, firrah ; and give him a blow with my crook :
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away.

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen !
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made !
But since she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear :
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone :
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violets beautiful blue ?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile ?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
Ah, rivals ! I see what it was that you dress'd,
And made yourselves fine for ; a place in her breast :

You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return !
While amidst the soft Zephyrs cool breezes I burn ;
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
Ah, Colin ! old time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove ;
But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair !
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

S O N G LVI.

A H W I L L O W.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE ESQ.

TO 'HIS LADY' IN HER SICKNESS.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain.
Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, willow.

Sweet

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow,

Ah willow, &c.

And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.

Ah willow, &c.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,

Ah willow, &c.

And counts the sad moments of time as it flies :

Ah willow, &c.

To the nymph, my heart loves, ye soft slumbers repair ;

Ah willow, &c.

Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.

Ah willow, &c.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,

Ah willow, &c.

Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.

Ah willow, &c.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,

Ah willow, &c.

So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose.

Ah willow, &c.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed ;

Ah willow, &c.

And the loss of my dear-one, my love, is decreed ;

Ah willow, &c.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd ;

Ah willow, &c.

If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard ;

Ah willow, &c.

Believe me, thou fair one ; thou dear one, believe,

Ah willow, &c.

Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.

Ah willow, &c.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,

Ah willow, &c.

And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.

Ah willow, &c.

Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste ;

Ah willow, willow.

Fade thou too my willow ; this verse is my last :

Ah willow, willow ; ah willow, willow.

S O N G LVII.

B Y D R. D A L T O N *.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damons air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingales,
 More sweet his breath than flowery vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine.

* In the masque of Comus.

A I R.

A I R.

On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung.
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now through the winding vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well known shade;
 I weep and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

S O N G L V I I I .

A P A S T O R A L I N F O U R P A R T S .

B Y W I L L I A M S H E N S T O N E E S Q .

Arbuta humileſque myrica. V I R G .

I. A B S E N C E .

Y E ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
 Whoſe flocks never careleſſly roam;
 Should Corydons happen to ſtray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;
 None once was ſo watchful as I;
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
 With the torture of doubt and deſire;
 What it is, to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each evening repel;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine;
 May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
 If a knew of a kid that was mine.

I priz'd

I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh ;
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day,
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

II. H O P E.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beeches more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jeffamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!

And

And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetnefs unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove :
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the sifter of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs ?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise ?
 Dear regions of silence and shade !
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
 Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

But

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine,
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. S O L I C I T U D E.

Why will you my passion reprove ?
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?
 Ere I show you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave :
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;
 Nay on him let not Phyllida frown ;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind !

In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is be-studded around ;
And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold !
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamines flow'r !
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?
What is eglantine, after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
Then the violets die with despatch ;
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis' eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridels tongue ;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. D I S A P P O I N T M E N T .

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep :
 They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire ;
 It banishes wisdom the while ;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure ;
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes ?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain :
 The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydons theme.
 High transports are shown to the fight,
 But we are not to find them our own ;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chace ;
 I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

S O N G LIX.

C O L I N S C O M P L A I N T.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE ESQ*.

To the tune of, Grim King of the ghosts.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was !
 Thus sadly complaining he cried,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had died.
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue ;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great :
 I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

* The author, in this beautiful and pathetic ballad, alludes to his own situation with the countess dowager of Warwick, and to his successful rival Mr. Addison.

How

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown ;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folk of the town ?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove ;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain,
 Though the Muses my temples have crown'd ;
 What though when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around !
 Ah Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
 Thy false one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who forrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Though through the wide world I should range, !
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly :
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.

The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day :
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

S O N G L X.

B Y M R. O T W A Y*.

COME all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled
 By cruel beautys pride,
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide ;
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love ;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If all your wrongs can equal mine.

* In the tragedy of *The Orphan*,

The

The happiest mortal once was I,
 My heart no sorrow knew ;
 Pity the pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew ;
 Yet if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Though bright as heav'n whose stamp she bears,
 Think on my fate and shun her snares. O.

S O N G L X I.

GRIM king of the ghosts make haste,
 And bring hither all your train :
 See how the pale moon does waste,
 And just now is in the wane.
 Come, you night hags with all your charms,
 And reveling witches away
 And hug me close in your arms,
 To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain ;
 I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kiss her, and kiss her again :
 But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then a pize on her love, let her go ;
 I'll seek me a winding shroud,
 And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure
Since reason departs away ;
I call to those hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I say.
The beauty whom I do adore
Now flights me with scorn and disdain ;
I never shall see her more,
Ah ! how shall I bear my pain ?

I ramble and range about
To find out my charming faint ;
Whilst she at my grief does flout,
And laughs at my loud complaint.
Diffraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure ;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desert led,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high ;
Then to her I cry aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved a while,
And wearied myself in vain,
I lie on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain.

Till

L O V E - S O N G S.

69

Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep ;
The clouds are my canopy,
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rivals bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie ;
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay :
To the Elyfian shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

O.

S O N G L X I I .

B Y S I R C A R S C R O O P E * .

ONE night when all the village slept,
Myrtillos sad despair,
The wretched shepherd waking kept
To tell the woods his care ;

* In Lees tragedy of Mithridates King of Pontus.

L O V E - S O N G S.

Begone (said he) fond thoughts, begone!
 Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!
 Why should you waste your tears for one,
 Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, oh! ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs,
 That dwell within this grove,
 Can tell how many tender hours
 We here have pass'd in love!
 Yon stars above (my cruel foes!)
 Have heard how she has sworn,
 A thousand times, that like to those,
 Her flame should ever burn!

But since she's lost—oh! let me have
 My wish, and quickly die;
 In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
 And there for ever lie:
 Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
 And kindly here complain.
 Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
 But never rose again.

S O N G LXIII.

A P A S T O R A L E L E G Y.

AH, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
 By love and first nature allied,
 Together in fondness we grew;
 Ah, would we together had died!

For

For thy faith which resembled my own,
 For thy soul which was spotless and true,
 For the joys we together have known,
 Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu !

What bliss can hereafter be mine ?
 Whomever engaging, I see,
 To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
 For fear I should mourn him like thee.
 Though the Muses should crown me with art,
 Though honour and fortune should join ;
 Since thou art denied to my heart,
 What bliss can hereafter be mine ?

Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell !
 Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind ;
 Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
 I can keep thee for ever in mind :
 Each morning I'll visit alone
 His ashes who lov'd me so well,
 And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
 " Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell !"

S O N G LXIV.

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE.

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !
 Come, Lucy, it cries, come away ;
 The grave of thy Collin has room,
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.

F 4

I come,

I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;
Ye friends and companions, adieu ;
I haste to my Collins dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy arose ;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Collins pale ashes repose.
All wet with the nights chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Collin, she cried,
How long must thy Lucy complain ?
How long shall the grave my love hide ?
How long ere it join us again ?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas ! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain !
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain !
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Collin deplore.

While

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echos around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 I hear the kind call, and obey,
 Oh, Collin, receive me, she cried!
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone and died.

S O N G L X V.

B Y M R. G A Y*.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

* In The What D'ye call it.

The

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied ;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

SONG

SONG LXVI.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

ALEXIS thunn'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains :
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupids bow !)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks ;
 And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs ;
 He gave 'em back their friendly tears ;
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest ;
 And she too kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe :
 She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;
 And will you pardon me, he said,

While

While I the cruel truth reveal ?
 Which nothing from my breast should tear :
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care :
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart :
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart :
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard :
 'Tis what I thought ; tis what I fear'd :
 And yet I pardon you, she cried :
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
 He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

S O N G LXVII.

HARD by the hall, our masters house,
 Where Mersey flows to meet the main ;
 Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
 A lover to complain.

With arms across ; along the strand,
 Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head ;
 Viewing the footsteps in the sand,
 Which a bright nymph had made.

The

The tide, says he, will soon erase
 The marks so lightly here imprest;
 But time or tide will ne'er deface
 Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey?
 Am I some horrid monster grown?
 That thus she flies so swift away,
 Or meets me with a frown.

That bosom soft, that lily skin
 (Trust not the fairest outside show)
 Contains a marble heart within,
 A rock hid under snow.

Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
 Her tender feet, from whence there fell
 Those crimson drops, which stain the ground,
 And beautify each shell.

Ah! fair one, moderate thy flight,
 I will no more in vain pursue;
 But take my leave for a long night;
 Adieu, lov'd maid, adieu!

With that, he took a running leap,
 He took a lovers leap indeed,
 And plung'd into the sounding deep,
 Where hungry fishes feed.

The

The melancholy hern stalks by;
 Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
 Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
 And toll his funeral bell.

The waters roll above his head,
 The billows toss it o'er and o'er;
 His ivory bones lie scattered,
 And whiten all the shore.

S O N G L X V I I I.

C O L I N A N D L U C Y.

B Y T H O M A S T I C K E L L E S Q.

O F Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffys limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face :

Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Ah ! have you seen a lily pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd this slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flattering swains beware.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing :

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound :
And thus, in dying words, bespoke,
The virgins weeping round.

' I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
' That cries I must not stay ;
' I see a hand, you cannot see,
' That beckons me away.

' Of a false swain and broken heart,
' In early youth I die :
' Am I to blame, because the bride
' Is twice as rich as I ?

' Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows,
' Vows due to me alone !
' Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
' Nor think him all thy own.

' To-

- To-morrow in the church to wed,
 ' Impatient both prepare :
- But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
 ' Poor Lucy will be there.
- Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
 ' The bridegroom blithe to meet,
- He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 ' I in my winding sheet.'

She spoke, she died ; her corse was borne
 The bridegroom blithe to meet,
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

What then were perjurd Colins thoughts ?
 How were these nuptials kept ?
 The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd beside her rivals corse,
 She saw her lover dead.

He

He to his Lucys new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this place the constant hind,
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear ;
Remember Colins dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

S O N G LXIX.

J E M M Y D A W S O N*.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE ESQ.

C O M E listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the Eight Officers, belonging to the Manchester Regiment of volunteers in the service of The Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in 1746. And this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant, though the editor, after much inquiry, has never had the happiness to meet with it.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain ;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on partys hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray ;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day !

Their colours, and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found ;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-loves cheek,
 When Jemmys sentence reach'd her ear !
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With

With faltering voice she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart;
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmys woes,
 O George, without a prayer for thee
 My orisons should never close,

The gracious prince that gave him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame;
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to list the givers name.

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree;
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
 Though borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law;
 And the last scene of Jemmys woes
 With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long :
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd :
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd :

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore :
Accept o heav'n ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lovers mournful hearse retir'd ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though

LOVE - SONGS.

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Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.



G 3

LOVE



LOVE-SONGS.

CLASS II.

SONG I.

[ADDRESS TO BRITAIN.]

BY MR. DRYDEN*.

FAIREST isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian grove.

Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove,
Jealousy that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.

* In the opera of King Arthur.

Gentle

LOVE - SONGS.

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Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove;

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

SONG II.

TO CUPID ON VALENTINES DAY.

BY MR. PARRAT.

COME thou rosy-dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
Paphos and the Cyprian isle:
Visit Britains rocky shore,
Britons too thy pow'r adore,
Britons, hardy, bold, and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come thou rosy-dimpled boy

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
This is thine, and Hymens day;
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Loves rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r.

G 4

Thither

Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there.
 This is thine, and Hymens day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of Eastern Kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to Loves sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love we live.

S O N G I I I.

ASK me not how calmly I
 All the cares of life defy;
 How I baffle human woes,
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
 You, like me, may cares defy;
 All the pangs the heart endures,
 Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
 Feats of arms, and drunken joys,
 I have pleasure more divine,
 Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Rapture

Rapture more than folly knows,
More than fortune e'er bestows,
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of womans arts,
Broken vows, and faithless hearts,
Tell the wretch that pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow,
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

S O N G I V.

B Y M R. D R Y D E N *.

AH, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When we first approach loves fire;
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart:
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart;

* In the tragedy of Tyrannick Love.

L o v e r s,

L O V E - S O N G S.

Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use,
'Treat 'em like a parting friend ;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which, in youth, sincere they send,
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein :
But each tide does less supply,
'Till they quite shrink in again ;
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

S O N G V.

W H A T I S L O V E ?

L O V E's no irregular desire,
No sudden start of raging pain,
Which in a moment grows a fire,
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer,
That sings of darts, despair, and chains,
And by whose dismal verse, 'tis clear,
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor

LOVE - SONGS.

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Nor does it center in the beau,
Who sighs by rule, by order dies,
Whose all consists in outward show,
And want of wit by dress supplies.

No, Love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less:
'Tis what I feel, but can't define;
'Tis what I know, but can't express.

SONG VI.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY*.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delight,
When with mutual inclination
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

* In The Honest Yorkshireman, a ballad farce.

SONG

S O N G VII.

OH! how vain is every blessing,
 How insipid all our joys,
 Life how little worth possessing,
 But when love its time employs!

Love the purest noblest pleasure,
 That the gods on earth bestow,
 Adding wealth to every treasure,
 Taking pain from every woe.

S O N G VIII.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

HONEST lover whatsoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame,
 Were not still even, still the same,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i'th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,

Know

Know this,
Thou lov'st amifs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thyſelf that jeſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken,

Know this,
Thou lov'st amifs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
'Thou lett'ſt not men aſk and aſk again;
And when thou anſwe'reſt, if it be
To what was aſk'd thee properly,

Know this,
Thou lov'st amifs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If when thy ſtomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not fingers 'ſtead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face,
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,

Know this,
Thou lov'st amifs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If

If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect lover,
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew ;
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

S O N G I X.

TELL me, Damon, dost thou languish
 With a slow, consuming fire ;
 Melting still in speechless anguish
 For the maid thou dost admire ?
 If thy heart such passion prove,
 Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Flying, dost thou still pursue her ?
 Absent, does she haunt thy dream ?
 Present, dost thou ceaseless woo her ?
 Is her worth thy only theme ?
 If thy heart such passion prove,
 Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Does each rivals merit grieve thee ?
 Whilst in health dost thou complain ?
 Can no balm but love relieve thee ?
 None but Celia ease thy pain ?
 If thy heart such passion prove,
 Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Canst

Canst thou view each bright perfection
 In her mind, and in her face?
 Does each fault escape detection,
 Every blemish seem a grace?
 If thy heart such passion prove,
 Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

Then in love if there be pleasure,
 Unallay'd by care and pain,
 Venus shall confer the treasure
 On her true devoted swain.
 Venus shall thy suit approve;
 Shepherd, thou dost truly love.

S O N G X.

B Y M I S S A I K I N.

C O M E here fond youth, whoe'er thou be
 That boasts to love as well as me,
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
 Come hither and thy flame approve;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
 To live upon a smile for years,
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
 To kneel, to languish and implore,
 And still though she disdain, adore;
 It is to do all this and think thy sufferings sweet.

It

It is to gaze upon her eyes
 With eager joy and fond surprise
 Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
 As wretches feel who wait their doom ;
 Nor must one ruder thought presume,
 Though but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
 Though heaven and earth thy passion crost ;
 Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
 And thou the least and meanest swain
 That folds his flock upon the plain,
 Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
 To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears ;
 If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
 Though she were fonder and more true
 Than any nymph old poets drew,
 Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
 Thou dost not seek to be alone,
 Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe ;
 And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
 Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
 But those which love has planted there,

Or



Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
 'Thou never yet his power hast known ;
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure ;
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest passion most,
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh ! never hope a cure.

S O N G X I.

A Maxim this, amongst the wife,
 That absence cures a love-sick mind ;
 And others, who philosophise,
 Gravely pronounce, that Love is blind.
 Alas ! too well do lovers see,
 And, separated, best agree.

Banish me from Belindas sight ;
 Or, the fond maid far hence remove :
 Our bodies part ; our souls unite ;
 The more we grieve, the more we love :
 Believe the youth you wrongly blame ;
 Absence adds fuel to the flame.

Between us burning defarts place ;
Or trackless mountains hid in snow :
Or, let the wide unfathom'd space
Of roaring seas between us flow :
Place, or not place them ; 'tis all one ;
Empires have bounds, but love has none.

Secure us, if you can secure,
On distant rocks, in towers of brass :
When faithful lovers most endure,
Still most improv'd their minutes pass :
Imprison her ; imprison me :
In spite of prisons, thought is free.

Cease, then, your idle cruel arts ;
Recall your harsh command :
A destiny rules over hearts,
And who can destiny withstand ?
In vain, alas ! is human skill :
Love will be love, do what you will.

SONG

LOVE - SONGS.

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SONG XII.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.*

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Under the fountains,
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly :
Where the midge dares not venture,
Left herself fast the lay :
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;

* This excellent old song, dr. Percy tells us, he could only give from modern copies, and not even that we believe without a few brilliant touches from his own pencil. All the copies, both old and new, which the editor consulted, were too incorrect to be made use of, though no less than eight additional verses are to be found in the black letter copies.

But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd,
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lionsess, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
Love will find out his way.

* * * *

SONG

S O N G X I I I .

OFT on the troubled oceans face
 Loud stormy winds arise ;
 The murmuring surges swell apace,
 And clouds obscure the skies.

But when the tempests rage is o'er,
 Soft breezes smooth the main ;
 The billows cease to lash the shore,
 And all is calm again.

Not so in fond and amorous souls
 If tyrant Love once reigns,
 There one eternal tempest rolls,
 And yields unceasing pains.
 Ah ! cruel god ! our peace restore,
 Or wound us with thy shafts no more.

S O N G X I V .

L O V E ' S A R I D D L E .

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

THE flame of love asswages,
 When once it is reveal'd ;
 But fiercer still it rages,
 The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting makes it colder;
 When met it will retreat:
 Repulses make it bolder,
 And dangers make it sweet.

S O N G X V.

L O V E's a dream of mighty treasure,
 Which in fancy we possess;
 In the folly lies the pleasure,
 Wisdom ever makes it less,

For who thinks, by passion heated,
 He a goddess has in chace,
 Ixion-like he will be cheated,
 And a gawdy cloud embrace.

Only happy is the lover,
 Whom his mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch who will be knowing,
 What the fair-one would disguise,
 Labours at his own undoing,
 Changing happy to be wise.

O.

S O N G

S O N G X V I.

BY ROBERT WOLSELEY ESQ.

FREEDOM is a real treasure,
 Love a dream, all false and vain;
 Short, uncertain, is the pleasure,
 Sure and lasting is the pain.

A sincere and tender passion
 Some ill-planet over-rules;
 Ah, how blind is inclination!
 Fate and women doat on fools.

S O N G X V I I.

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
 From Loves imperial chain,
 Take warning, and be taught by me,
 T'avoid th' enchanting pain.
 Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
 Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
 To careless seamen hidden rocks,
 To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize;
 The snake's beneath the flower:
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes,
 That tasted quiet more?

How faithless is the lovers joy!
 How constant is his care!
 The kind with falsehood do destroy,
 The cruel with despair.

S O N G XVIII.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love
 Young men your hearts secure,
 Left from the paths of sense you rove,
 In dotage premature.
 Look at each lass through wisdoms glass,
 Nor trust the naked eye:
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks
 The borrow'd white you'll find;
 Some belles, when interest directs,
 Can even paint the mind;
 Joy in distress they can express,
 Their very tears can lie:
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly.

There's not a spinster in the realm
 But all mankind can cheat,
 Down to the cottage from the helm,
 The learn'd, the brave, the great:

With

With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
 T'entangle us they try :
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was earth of parchment made ;
 Was every single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade ;
 To write the tricks of half the sex
 Would suck that ocean dry :
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly.

S O N G X I X .

C H A U C E R S R E C A N T A T I O N .
 A P A N E G Y R I C O N T H E L A D I E S .
 B Y M R . C H R I S T O P H E R S M A R T .

R E C I T A T I V E .

OLD Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove*
 Sung of “ The sweet bewitching tricks of love ;”
 But soon he found he’d fullied his renown,
 And arm’d each charming hearer with a frown :

* Spring-gardens, Vauxhall, where the foregoing ballad was sung.

Then

Then self-condemn'd anew his lyre he strung,
And in repentant strains this recantation sung,

A I R.

Long since unto her native sky
Fled heav'n-descended Constancy ;
Nought now that's stable's to be had,
The world's grown mutable and mad :
Save Women - - - they, we must confess,
Are miracles of steadfastness ;
And ev'ry witty, pretty dame
Bears for her motto - - - STILL THE SAME.

The flowers that in the vale are seen,
The white, the yellow, blue and green,
In brief complexion idly gay
Still set with every setting day,
Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
Their odour's gone, their colour lost :
But what is true, though passing strange,
The Women never - - - fade or change.

The Wise Man said that all was vain,
And follies universal reign ;
Wisdom its vot'ries oft entralls,
Riches torment, and pleasure palls ;
And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,
That each man soon or late's a fool :
In Women 'tis th' exception lies,
For they are wondrous, wondrous wise.

This

This earthly ball with noise abounds,
And from its emptiness it founds;
Fame's deafning din, the hum of men,
The lawyers plea, the poet's pen;
But Women here no one suspects,
Silence distinguishes that sex;
For, poor dumb things! so meek's their mould,
You scarce can hear 'em - - when they scold,

CHORUS.

An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
An hundred pair of iron lungs,
Five heralds, and five thousand criers,
With throats whose accent never tires,
Ten speaking-trumpets, of a size
Would deafness with their din surprise,
Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say,
And those that will believe it - - may.





LOVE-SONGS.

CLASS III.

SONG I.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

BY THOMAS CAREW ESQ*.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must wait away.

* Sewer to King Charles I.

But

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride, and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey,
That love to her I cast away.

S O N G II.

BY WILLIAM PULTENEY ESQ*.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her breast, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace,
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

* Afterwards earl of Bath.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze
 And amorous warmth inspire ;
 Through glass, who darts her pointed rays,
 Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
 My peace or bliss destroy ;
 Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
 And dead, she crowns my joy.

S O N G I I I .

THOUGH, Flavia, to my warm desire
 You mean no kind return,
 Yet still with undiminish'd fire
 You wish to see me burn.

Averse my anguish to remove,
 You think it wondrous right,
 That I love on, for ever love,
 And you for ever flight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,
 So, gentle nymph, adieu ;
 Since you no pleasure have for me,
 I'll have no pain for you.

S O N G

S O N G I V.

BELINDA, see from yonder flow'rs
 The bee flies loaded to its cell;
 Can you perceive what it devours?
 Are they impair'd in show or smell?

So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
 Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
 Why are you angry at my blifs?
 Has it at all impoverish'd you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
 In spite of your unkind reserve,
 To keep my famish'd love alive,
 Which you inhumanly would starve.

S O N G V.

T H E S E L F - B A N I S H E D.

BY EDMUND WALLER ESQ.

IT is not that I love you less,
 Than when before your feet I lay:
 But, to prevent the sad increase
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In

In vain, alas ! for every thing,
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your form does to my fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new fun,
 Already has a fever got,
 Too late begins those shafts to shun
 Which Phœbus through his veins has shot :

Too late he would the pain assuage,
 And to thick shadows does retire :
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
 Your banish'd servant trouble you :
 For if I break, you may mistrust
 The vow I made—to love you too.

S O N G VI.

YES, Daphne, in your face I find,
 Those charms by which my heart's betray'd ;
 Then let not your disdain unbind
 The prisoner that your eyes have made :
 She that in love makes least defence,
 Wounds ever with the surest dart ;
 Beauty may captivate the sense,
 But kindness only gains the heart.

'Tis

LOVE - SONGS.

113

'Tis kindness, Daphne, must maintain
 The empire that you once have won;
 When beauty does like tyrants reign,
 Its subjects from their duty run:
 Then force me not to be untrue,
 Lest I, compell'd by gen'rous shame,
 Cast off my loyalty to you,
 To gain a glorious rebels name.

SONG VII.

BY MR. JOHN HOW.

IN Chloris all soft charms agree,
 Enchanting humour, powerful wit,
 Beauty from affectation free,
 And for eternal empire fit.
 Wheree'er she goes Love waits her eyes,
 The women envy, men adore;
 But did she less the triumph prize,
 She would deserve the conquest more.

The pomp of love so much prevails,
 She begs, what else none would deny her,
 Makes such advances with her eyes,
 The hope she gives prevents desire;
 Catches at every trifling heart,
 Seems warm with every glimm'ring flame,
 The common prey so deadens the dart,
 It scarce can pierce a noble game.

VOL. I.

I

I could

I could lie ages at her feet,
 Adore her, careless of my pain,
 With tender vows her rigours meet,
 Despair, love on, and not complain.
 My passion, from all change secure,
 No favours raise, no frown controuls,
 I any torment can endure,
 But hoping with a crowd of fools.

S O N G V I I I .

B Y M R . M O S E S M E N D E Z * .

YOU say, at your feet I have wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair :
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke ?
 What know we of angels ?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And that nothing but death should my passion remove :
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth :—a calendar year :
 And not yet contented !—Have patience my dear.

* In the musical entertainment of The Chaplet,

S O N G

S O N G IX.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

BY THOMAS CAREW ESQ.

K NOW Celia, (since thou art so proud,) 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown :
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
Thou art my star, shin'ft in my skies ;
Then dart not, from thy borrow'd sphere,
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Left what I made I uncreate :
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wife poets that wrapp'd Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

SONG X.

TO A LADY MORE CRUEL THAN FAIR.

BY MR. VANBROOK.

WHY d'ye with such disdain refuse
An humble lovers plea?
Since Heaven denies you power to chuse,
You ought to value me.

Ungrateful mistress of a heart,
Which I so freely gave;
Though weak your bow, though blunt your dart,
I soon resign'd your slave.

Nor was I weary of your reign,
Till you a tyrant grew,
And seem'd regardless of my pain,
As nature seem'd of you.

When thousands with unerring eyes
Your beauty would decry,
What graces did my love devise,
To give their truths the lie?

To every grove I told your charms,
In you my heav'n I plac'd,
Proposing pleasures in your arms,
Which none but I could taste.

For

For me t' admire, at such a rate,
 So damn'd a face, will prove
 You have as little caufe to hate,
 As I had caufe to love.

S O N G X I.

A F A R E W E L L T O L O V E.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

O NCE more Loves mighty charms are broke,
 His strength and cunning I defy;
 Once more I have thrown off his yoke,
 And am a man, and do despise the boy.

Thanks to her pride, and her disdain,
 And all the follies of a scornful mind:
 I'd ne'er possess'd my heart again,
 If fair Miranda had been kind,

Welcome, fond wanderer, as ease,
 And plenty to a wretch in pain,
 That worn with want and a disease,
 Enjoys his health, and all his friends again.

Let others waste their time and youth,
 Watch and look pale, to gain a peevish maid,
 And learn too late this dear-bought truth,
 At length they're sure to be betray'd.

SONG XII.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet :
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live ;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest ;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas ! I lov'd you best.

Say but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate ;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure, never is too late.

SONG

S O N G X I I I .

B Y M R. C O N G R E V E .

F A L S E though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

S O N G X I V .

B Y M R. A D D I S O N * .

I F 'tis joy to wound a lover,
 How much more to give him ease,
 When his passion you discover?
 Ah! how pleasing 'tis to please:
 The bliss returns, and we receive
 Transports greater than we give.

* In the opera of Rosamond.

S O N G X V.

L O V E F O R L O V E.

BY SIR FULKE GREVILL, LORD BROOKE.

A WAY with these self-loving lads,
 Whom Cupids arrow never glads!
 Away poor souls, that sigh and weep,
 In love of those that lie asleep!
 For Cupid is a merry god,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupids shafts like destiny
 Do causeless good or ill decree;
 Desert is borne out of his bow,
 Reward upon his wing doth go!
 What fools are they that have not known,
 That Love likes no laws but his own?

My songs they be of Cynthias praise,
 I wear her rings on holidays,
 In every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same.
 Where Honour Cupids rival is
 There miracles are seen of his!

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree:
 If doubt do darken things held dear,
 Then well-fare nothing once a year!
 For many run, but one must win!
 Fools only hedge the cuckow in!

The

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of Love ;
And love as well the foster can,
As can the mighty noble-man.
Sweet faint, 'tis true, you worthy be :
Yet, without love, nought worth to me.

S O N G X V I .

BY JOHN BULTEEL*.

C H L O R I S , 'twill be for eithers rest
Truly to know each others breast ;
I'll make th' obscurest part of mine
Transparent, as I would have thine :
If you will deal but so with me,
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are ;
And though the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shin'd ;
Yet, if you lov'd me not, you'd see
I'd value those as you do me.

* A person, of whom, it is believed, nothing more is known, than that he was the collector of a small miscellany, published about the middle of the last century, whence this and another song are extracted, both of which were ascribed to him by manuscript notes in a copy the editor has seen : it was therefor but justice to prefix his name.

Though

L O V E - S O N G S.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
 My passion should transcend your scorn;
 And that your bright triumphant eyes
 Create a flame that never dies;
 Yet, if to me you prov'd untrue,
 Those oaths should prove as false to you.

If love I vow'd to pay for hate,
 'Twas, I confess, a mere deceit;
 Or that my flame should deathless prove;
 'Twas but to render so your love:
 I bragg'd as cowards use to do,
 Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my tenets I have show'd,
 If you think them too great a load;
 T'attempt your change were but in vain,
 The conquest not being worth the pain:
 With them I'll other nymphs subdue;
 'Tis too much to lose time and you.

S O N G XVII.

BY MR. DRYDEN*.

F AIR Iris I love, and hourly I die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she;

* In the comedy of *Amphitryon*.

We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
We mean not the taking for better for worse:
When present we love; when absent agree;
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me:
The legend of Love no couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

SONG XVIII.

BY MR. MATHEW CONCANEN.

I Love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more;
Then set not my passion a cooling;
If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in deeds:
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds,
And a word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
But I hate all protesting and arguing:
Had a goddess's my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying:
Prithee, be thou so too; seek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot

I cannot bear love, like a chancery fuit,
 The age of a patriarch depending ;
 Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
 Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

S O N G X I X .

B Y E U S T A C E B U D G E L L E S Q .

I'M not one of your fops, who to please a coy lass,
 Can lie whining and pining, and look like an ass.
 Life is dull without love, and not worth the possessing ;
 But fools make a curse what was meant for a blessing.
 While his godship's not rude, I'll allow him my breast ;
 But, by Jove, out he goes, should he once break my rest.
 I can toy with a girl for an hour, to allay
 The flutter of youth, or the ferment of May ;
 But must beg her excuse, not to bear pain or anguish ;
 For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.

S O N G

SONG XX.

BY SIR RICHARD STEEL*.

LET not love on me bestow
Soft distrefs, and tender woe;
I know none but substantial bliffes,
Eager glances, folid kiffes.

I know not what the lovers feign
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain;
Then prithee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

SONG XXI.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

BY THOMAS CAREW ESQ.

GIVE me ^smore love, or more difdain;
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in a golden show'r
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour

* In the comedy of The Funeral.

My vulture hopes ; and he's possess'd
 Of Heav'n, that's but from hell releas'd :
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

S O N G XXII.

DISPRAISE OF LOVE, AND LOVERS FOLLIES.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON*.

IF love be life, I long to die,
 Live they that list for me :
 And he that gains the most thereby,
 A fool, at least shall be.
 But he that feels the forest fits,
 Scapes with no less than loss of wits ;
 Unhappy life they gain,
 Which love do entertain.

In day by fained looks they live,
 By lying dreams by night,
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
 Each smile a false delight,

* Son of William Davison, secretary to Queen Elizabeth, who suffered so much through that princess's caprice and cruelty in the tragical affair of Mary Queen of Scots.

If't hap the lady pleafant feem,
It is for others love they deem :
If void ſhe feem of joy,
Diſdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find,
Such is the life they lead ;
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like flowers in the mead.
Now war, now peace, now war again ;
Deſire, deſpair, delight, diſdain :
Though dead, in miſt of life ;
In peace, and yet at ſtrife.

S O N G XXIII.

BY GEORGE WITHER*.

S HALL I, waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Cause anothers roſy are ;
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May ;
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.

* A voluminous writer in the earlier part of the laſt century. From
is long, dull, puritanical rhimes, he has acquired the name and character
f the Engliſh Bavius. His more juvenile pieces, however, of which the
bove is a ſpecimen, would not diſcredit the beſt writer of that age.

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
 Cause I see a woman kind ?
 Or a well disposed nature,
 Joined with a lovely feature ?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-dove or pelican ;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be.

Shall a womans virtues move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or, her well-deservings known,
 Make me quite forget mine own ?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 Which may gain her, name of Best ;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool, and die ?
 Those that bear a noble mind,
 Where they want of riches find,
 Think what with them, they would do,
 That without them dare to woo :
 And, unless that mind I see,
 What care I though great she be.

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair :
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die, ere she shall grieve.

If

If she slight me when I woo;
 I can scorn and let her go:
 For, if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

S O N G XXIV.

✓ BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

S HALL I, like an hermit, dwell
 On a rock or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it, where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Were her tresses angel gold;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a braid,
 And, with little more ado,
 Work them into bracelets too;
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be.

Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs or precious eyes;

If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good-manners sake ;
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip ;
 If she seem not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be.

No, she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire by burning too ;
 But when she by chance hath got
 To her heart a second lot ;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be.

S O N G XXV.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee why so mute ?

Quit,

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her ;
 The devil take her.

S O N G XXVI.

YE little Loves, that round her wait,
 To bring me tidings of my fate ;
 As Celia on her pillow lies,
 Ah ! gently whisper, Strephon dies.

If this will not her pity move,
 And the proud fair disdains to love ;
 Smile, and say, 'tis all a lie,
 And haughty Strephon scorns to die.

S O N G XXVII.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

'TIS now since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart,
 (Time strangely spent) a year, or more,
 And still I did my part :

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of the eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer ;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in :
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent



I sent to know, from whence and where,
 These hopes, and this relief;
 A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
 And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word strait give,
 I'll lose no time but leave her;
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
 As will no siege abide;
 I hate a fool that starves her love,
 Only to feed her pride.

S O N G XXVIII.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

THE merchant to secure his treasure
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
 When Chloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd;
 I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembled;
 And Venus to the Loves around,
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

S O N G XXIX.

BY SIR WILLIAM YONGE.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer she;
 Would you, with ease, at once be cur'd
 Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your glass and me.

If then you think, that I can find
 A nymph more fair, or one more kind,
 You've reason for your fears;
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own beauty, and my love,
 How needless are your tears.

If, in my way, I should, by chance,
 Receive or give a wanton glance,

I like

I like but while I view :
How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial bliss
Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free ;
And where each blossom blows,
Extracts the juice of all he meets,
But, for his quintessence of sweets
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,
On each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph do roam ;
Perhaps see fifty in a day ;
They're all but visits that I pay,
For Chloe's still my home.

S O N G XXX.

SHOULD some perverse malignant star
(As envious stars will sometimes shine)
Throw me from my Florella far,
Let not my lovely fair repine,
If in her absence I should gaze
With pleasure on another's face.

The wearied pilgrim, when the sun
 Has ended his diurnal race,
 With pleasure sees the friendly moon
 By borrow'd light, supply his place:
 Not that he slight the god of day,
 But loves ev'n his reflected ray.

S O N G X X X I.

T O C H L O E J E A L O U S,

B Y M A T H E W P R I O R, E S Q.

DEAR Chloe how blubber'd is that pretty face!
 Thy cheek all on fire and thy hair all uncurl'd!
 Prithce quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgement at once, and my passion you wrong:
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
 Odslife! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write shows
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
 I court others in verse; but I love Thee in prose:
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The

The god of us verse-men (you know child) the Sun,
 How after his journies he sets up his rest :
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run ;
 At night he reclines on his Thetises breast,

So when I am wearied with wand'ring all day ;
 To thee my delight in the evening I come :
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way :
 They were but my visits ; but thou art my home,

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war ;
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree :
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me,

S O N G XXXII.

BY MISS AIKIN.

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
 A breast so good, so kind, so true,
 Reason and taste approv'd ;
 Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,
 I call'd it by too soft a name,
 And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till Chloris came, with sad surprise
 I felt the lightning of her eyes
 Through all my senses run :
 All glowing with resistless charms,
 She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
 I saw, and was undone.

O Celia!

O Celia ! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakness to upbraid
Which ought your scorn to move ;
I know this beauty false and vain,
I know the triumphs in my pain,
Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy softest friendship ease
The torments I endure ;
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
Nor even thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
And wish again thy milder reign
With long and vain regret ;
All that I can, to thee I give,
And could I still to reason live
I were thy captive yet.

But passions wild impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
'Twere vain to struggle more :
Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms

In

In vain deplore his fate ;
Still far and farther from the coast,
On the high surge his bark is tost,
And foundering yields to fate.

S O N G XXXIII.

BY JOHN BULTEEL.

I Grant, a thousand oaths I swore
I none would love but you :
But not to change would wrong me more,
Than breaking them can do.
Yet you thereby a truth will learn,
Of much more worth than I ;
Which is, That lovers which do swear,
Do also use to lie.

Chloris does now possess that heart,
Which to you did belong :
But though thereof she brags a while,
She shall not do so long.
She thinks, by being fair and kind,
To hinder my remove,
And ne'er so much as dreams that change,
Above both those, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My change is a disgrace :
For though it robs you of one slave,
It leaves another's place,

Which

Which your bright eyes will soon subdue
 With him does them first see :
 For if they could not conquer more,
 They ne'er had conquer'd me.

S O N G XXXIV.

T H E C H R O N I C L E.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY ESQ.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all :
 But when a while the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Katherine :
 Beauteous Katherine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Elizas conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en ;
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mar

L O V E - S O N G S.

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Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began ;
 Alternately they sway'd ;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose,
 A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas ! should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me ;
 But soon those pleasures fled :
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r :
 Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame,

And

And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess her vice-roy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta than,
And a third Mary, next began ;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria ;
And then a pretty Thomazine,
And then another Katherine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins ;
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines :

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep mens hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies ;
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries !

And

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting-maid ;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weather that befel)
Than Hollingshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora ! first o'th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign !

S O N G XXXV.

BY AMBROSE PHILIPS ESQ.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupids bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 'tis in me to grieve :
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If

If I for Zelinda die,
 Deaf to poor Mizellas cries,
 Ask not me the reason why :
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

S O N G XXXVI.

C R O S S P U R P O S E S.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
 And Mary she loves Harry ;
 But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
 And finds his love miscarry ;
 For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
 Whilst Mary flights his passion :
 So strangely freakish are the turns
 Of human inclination.

Mol gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
 Which he in am'rous folly
 Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
 It came again to Molly :
 Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
 No turtles can be truer ;
 Each loves the object they pursue,
 But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
 Proud Hal despises Mary ;
 And all the flouts which Bell receives
 From Tom, she vents on Harry :

If

If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw people grummer;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation;
 How much 'tis every ones concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still, through life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

S O N G XXXVII.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

WELL met pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain,
 To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain;
 Why so much in haste? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way?
 Then strait to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile on her look, and a leer on her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go;
 And now gentle shepherd, pray why would you know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe home, (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.

Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil I own,
 But see no great danger in going alone ;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free,
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part :
 O ! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then ;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men :
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
 Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

O ! judge not so harshly, the shepherd replied ;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride ;
 To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain :
 Then what the nymph answer'd to this, is not said ;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed.
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down ;
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town.

S O N G XXXVIII.

HUMPHREY GUBBINS COURTSHIP.

A Courting I went to my love,
 Who is sweeter than roses in May ;
 And when I came to her, by Jove,
 The devil a word could I say.

I walk'd

I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully intending to woo her;
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
 If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
 While my heart was as light as a feather;
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But - - - Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
 To an arbour I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
 I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
 For I thought in some talk we must enter:
 Why, fir, (she answer'd and grinn'd)
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
 Then I follow'd her into the house,
 There I vow'd I my passion would try;
 But there I was still as a mouse:—
 Oh! what a dull booby was I!

S O N G X X X I X .

T H E D E S P A I R I N G L O V E R .

B Y W I L L I A M W A L S H E S Q .

D I S T R A C T E D with care,
For Phyllis the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes;
Where, a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be fet:

And, that he could die
 Whenever he would ;
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could :
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

S O N G XL.

MY name is honest Harry,
 And I love little Mary,
 In spite of Cifs, or jealous Befs,
 I'll have my own fegary.

My love is blithe and buxom,
 And sweet and fine as can be,
 Fresh and gay as the flow'rs in May,
 And looks like Jack-a-Dandy.

And if she will not have me,
 That am so true a lover,
 I'll drink my wine, and ne'er repine,
 And down the stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love, fir,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her rings, and pretty things,
And deck her like a lady.

He petticoat of satin,
Her gown of crimson tabby,
Lac'd up before, and spangled o'er,
Just like a Barthol'mew baby.

Her waistcoat shall be scarlet,
With ribbands tied together ;
Her stockings of a cloudy blue,
And her shoes of Spanish leather.

Her smock of finest Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her garter.

Then to the church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And so come home when we have done,
In spite of wind and weather.

The fiddlers shall attend us,
And first play John come kiss me,
And when that we have danc'd around,
Then strike up, Hit or miss me.

Then

Then hey for little Mary,
 'Tis she I love alone, fir;
 Let any man do what he can,
 I will have her, or none, fir.

S O N G XLI.

A NEW SONG OF OLD SIMILES.

B Y M R. G A Y.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
 I fit all sober sad;
 Drunk as a piper all day long;
 Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For though as drunk as Davids fow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind;
 Cool as a cucumber could see
 The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin. ☞

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach,
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her ;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears ;
Oh ! were we join'd together,
My heart would soon be free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter ;
 Her glance is as a razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter,

As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I feel them yet ;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites ;
 Sharp as a needle are her words ;
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips ;
 Clean as a penny drest ;
 Sweet as a rose her face and lips ;
 Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king ;
 Good lack ! how all men envied me ;
 She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
 Chang'd as her sex must do ;
 Though seeming as the turtle kind,
 And as the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who will take Peru,
 Great as an emperor I should be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post;
 Let us like burrs together stick,
 As warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
 And wish me better sped;
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh perhaps and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

S O N G XLII.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate;
 Derry down, down, down, derry down,

Contented



Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy :
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends meet :
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart :
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part :
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way :
Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would flee,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair :
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And

And now in good-will I advise as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this coblers end :
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, down, &c.



LOVE-



LOVE-SONGS.

CLASS IV.

SONG I.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY*.

AS Amoret with Phillis sat
One evening on the plain,
And saw the charming Strephon wait
To tell the nymph his pain ;

The threatening danger to remove,
She whisper'd in her ear,
Ah ! Phillis, if you would not love,
This shepherd do not hear.

* In Sir George Ethereges comedy of *The Man of Mode*.

None

None ever had so strange an art
 His passion to convey
 Into a list'ning virgins heart,
 And steal her soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate :—
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
 Alas ! 'tis now too late.

S O N G I I.

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE*.

WHEN Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep
 Not one poor lamb was made a prey ;
 Yet she had cause enough to weep,
 Her silly heart did go astray.
 'Then flying to the neighb'ring grove,
 She left the tender flock to rove,
 And to the winds did breathe her love.
 She sought in vain
 'To ease her pain ;
 The heedless winds did fan her fire ;
 Venting her grief
 Gave no relief,
 But rather did increase desire.

* In the comedy of Love in a tub.

Then

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Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

S O N G I I I.

BY SIR RICHARD STEEL*.

FROM place to place forlorn I go,
With downcast eyes, a silent shade;
Forbidden to declare my woe;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
My soft consenting looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no relief;
Why speaks not He who may?

S O N G I V.

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain,
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
Oh! can't you their meaning explain?

* In the comedy of *The Conscious Lovers*.

My

My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 'Then don't you expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me ?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they should be :
 Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over,
 What I in my bosom confine *.

S O N G V..

C H L O E S S O L I L O Q U Y.

IF Love and Reason ne'er agree,
 And Virtue trembles at his power,
 May Heaven from Love pronounce me free,
 And guard me through each tender hour.

But if the pleasures Love bestows
 Are such as Reason pleas'd allows,
 Are such as smiling Virtue knows,
 To Love I'll pay my virgin vows.

* Her ladyship was wittily answered by sir William Yonge ; but his verses could not be inserted here with propriety.

And

And such they are—for loose desires
 But ill deserve the tender name ;
 They blast, like lightnings transient fires,
 But Love's a pure and constant flame.

Love scorns a fordid selfish bliss,
 And only for its object lives ;
 Feels mutual truth endear the kifs,
 And tastes no joys but those it gives.

Love's more than language can reveal,
 Or thought can reach, though thought is free,
 'Tis only felt—'tis what I feel—
 And hope that Damon feels for me.

S O N G VI.

AH! why must words my flame reveal ?
 Why needs my Damon bid me tell,
 What all my actions prove ?
 A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
 Betrays my secret love.

In all the sports upon the plain
 Mine eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve ;
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love ?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The joys that all my soul possess,
And every care remove ;
Still, still too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too fast away,
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damons praise,
So pleas'd am I with all he says,
I every word approve ;
But is he blam'd, although in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

But ah ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove !
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove ;
Words oft deceive and spring from art,
The true expressions of my heart
To Damon, must be love.

S O N G V I I .

By *

IF Cupid once the mind possess,
 All low affections cease ;
 No troubles then can give distress,
 No tumult break the peace.
 Oh ! had I thousand gifts in store,
 Were I of worlds the queen,
 For him I'd covet thousands more,
 And call profusion mean.

Then let my swain my love return,
 And equal raptures feel ;
 Nor let his passions cool, or burn,
 As Fortune winds her wheel.
 If his fond heart I may believe
 Immutably secure,
 No sorrow then can make me grieve,
 No loss can make me poor.

* In the entertainment of *The Rehearsal*, or *Bayes in petticoats*. See
 p. 29.

S O N G V I I I .

B Y M R S . W H A R T O N * .

HOW hardly I conceal'd my tears,
How oft did I complain,
When many tedious days my fears
Told me I lov'd in vain.

But now my joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd ;
Sorrow may make a filent moan,
But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
To every stream and tree,
And blefs the hollow murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
We want, we wish, believe ;
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
But easy to deceive.

* First wife of that notorious Machiavelian, Thomas (afterwards) marquis of Wharton.

SONG IX.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
 To please my partial eyes ;
 The charms that have subdued my heart
 Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
 Another it may fright ;
 Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd
 In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
 'Tis to my loves excess
 You all your fancied beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
 You should preserve my fire,
 Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
 When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
 The wonder of your kind ;
 But be not of my judgement proud
 Whom love has render'd blind.

S O N G X.

C H L O E T O S T R E P H O N.

B Y S O A M E J E N Y N S E S Q.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But for heav'n's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway ;
 Prefs not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo ?
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you.

Say would you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame ?

Ah ! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather try your utmost skill,
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtues guard,
 Defend, and not pursue,
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
 To strive with love and you.

S O N G X I.

B Y M R S. B E H N*.

A H false Amyntas! can that hour
 So soon forgotten be,
 When first I yielded up my power,
 To be betray'd by thee?

God knows with how much innocence
 I did my heart resign,
 Unto thy faithless eloquence,
 And gave thee what was mine.

I had not one reserve in store,
 But at thy feet I laid
 Those arms which conquer'd heretofore,
 Though now thy trophies made.

Thy eyes in silence told their tale
 Of love in such a way,
 That 'twas as easy to prevail,
 As after to betray.

* In the comedy of *The Dutch Lover*.

S O N G XII.

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE*.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet!
 But ah! how swift they flew!
 The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
 The garden and the grove,
 Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
 And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
 He left her to complain;
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
 And measure time by pain.
 But Heaven will take the mourners part,
 In pity to despair;
 And the last sigh that rends the heart,
 Shall waft the spirit there.

S O N G XIII.

T H E L A S S O F T H E H I L L.

BY MISS MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt,
 Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt:
 For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
 That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown bread:

* In the tragedy of *The Gamester*.

That

That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau ;
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitch-fork to tell her his tale :
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart ;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,
And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord :
Then her eyes he commended in language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast ;
'Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd ;
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell :
Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns her bread ;
The whole village cry shame when a milking she goes,
That so little affection is show'd to the cows :
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let 'em rail on,
And a fig for the cows, now her sweet-heart is gone.

Now

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britains gay isle,
 How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile:
 For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you and tempt you will try all his skill;
 But remember The lass on the brow of the hill.

S O N G X I V .

B Y D R. G O L D S M I T H.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can sooth her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.





LOVE-SONGS.

CLASS V.

SONG I.

BY BARTON BOOTH ESQ.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun :
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring her note renews;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my souls desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, from heaven together came:
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name;

Divine

Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

S O N G II.

B Y D R. P A R N E L L.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy stands confess
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With

With all of nature, all of art,
 Affist the dear design ;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair ;
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

S O N G I I I.

B Y M R S. P I L K I N G T O N.

S T E L L A, darling of the muses,
 Fairer than the blooming spring ;
 Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
 When of thee he strives to sing.

While my soul with wonder traces
 All thy charms of face and mind,
 All the beauties, all the graces
 Of thy sex in thee I find.

Love,

Love, and joy, and admiration,
 In my breast alternate rise ;
 Words no more can paint my passion,
 Than the pencil can thy eyes.

Lavish nature thee adorning,
 O'er thy lips and cheeks hath spread
 Colours that might shame the morning,
 Smiling with celestial red.

Would the gods, in blest condition,
 Our requests indulgent view,
 Sure each mortals first petition
 Would be to resemble you.

S O N G I V.

B Y L O R D L Y T T E L T O N *.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but hers can hear ;
 No other wit but hers approve :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

* " Written in the year 1732."

If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove :
 'Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 'The clearest spring, the shadiest grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

S O N G V.

AS he lay in the plain, his arm under his head,
 And his flock feeding by, the fond Celadon said :
 If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?
 If a bitter (said he) whence are lovers content ?

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain ?
 Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain ?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

To myself I sigh often without knowing why ;
 And when absent from Phyllis methinks I could die :
 But oh ! what a pleasure still follows my pain ;
 When kind fortune does help me to see her again.

In her eyes (the bright stars that foretel what's to come)
By soft stealth now and then I examine my doom.
I prefs her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known.

But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name. O.

S O N G VI.

T H E C O N V E R T.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DEJECTED as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd;
So, fairest! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sexes faults asham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Loves innocent and sacred flame,
And that divinest pow'r have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
A crime which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less,
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
 Variety was all my bliss;
 But ignorant of love and you,
 How could I chuse but do amifs?

If ever now my wand'ring eyes
 Search out amusements as before;
 If e'er I look, but to despise
 Such charms, and value yours the more:

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all, in losing thee.

S O N G VII.

T H E R E C O V E R Y.

B Y T H E S A M E.

SIGHING and languishing I lay,
 A stranger grown to all delight;
 Passing in tedious thoughts the day,
 And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
 Was how my fatal love to hide;
 And ever drooping with despair,
 Neglecting all the world beside.

Till

'Till, like some angel from above,
 Cornelia came to my relief,
 And then I found the joys of love,
 Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
 Might fail, if you could prove unjust;
 But promises from Heav'n, and you,
 Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts, and troubles end;
 One tender word my soul assures;
 Nor am I vain, since I depend,
 Not on my own desert, but yours.

S O N G V I I I.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows
 Are to thy fortune paid,
 Alas! my heart he little knows
 Who thinks my love a trade.
 Were I of all these woods the lord,
 One berry from thy hand
 More solid pleasure would afford,
 Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live
 On what the nicest maid,
 Without a conscious blush, may give
 Beneath the myrtle shade.
 Of costly food it has no need,
 And nothing will devour,
 And like the harmless bee can feed
 And not impair the flow'r.

A spotless innocence like thine
 May such a flame allow,
 Yet thy fair name for ever shine,
 As does thy beauty now.
 I heard thee with my lambs might stray
 Safe from the foxes power,
 Though every one becomes his prey,
 I'm richer than before.

S O N G IX.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE ESQ.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;
 While faltering accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How

How, chang'd by Fortunes fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind;
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavias love sincere.

S O N G X.

BY MR. BAKER.

O HAD I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In Rosalindas fight to feed
My sheep upon the plain;
How happy would those days have pass'd
Which now are fill'd with woe!
You envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?*

N 3

How

* This verse is inserted by Bickerstaff in *Love in a Village*. The thefts of this ingenious plagiarist, however numerous, have been so little noticed, that it may not be amiss to mention those which he has been already convicted of, in the poetical part only of the above opera. *Hope thou nurse of young desire*, his first song, is the fifth in Charles Johnsons *Village opera*. *My heart's my own, my will is free*, is taken, with the slightest variation, from Mitchells *Highland Fair*. Eustaces song, *Think my fairest how delay*,

How sottish custom over-rules
 The force of Natures law !
 Begun, and carried on by fools,
 It keeps mankind in awe.
 Nature to rule the world design'd
 The generous and the fair,
 But custom has the sway confin'd
 To such as wealthy are.

Each charm in Rosalindas face
 Convincingly declares
 None can, but for the second place,
 Contend when she appears.
 Then, 'cause blind Fortune has not thrown
 Her favours in her way,
 Shall I her sov'reignty disown,
 And scruple to obey ?

Ah ! no ;—dominion is her due,
 The right which Nature gave ; '
 Let him, who dares dispute, but view
 Her eyes,—and be her slave :
 And may the world, convinc'd by me,
 Before the charmer fall,
 Whose beauty makes her fit to be
 Acknowledg'd queen of all.

delay, is pilfered from the same opera ; Lucindas, *We women like weak Indians made*, is purloined from one beginning *Pursuing beauty men defy*. Young Meadowses song, *How much superior beauty awes*, is the second verse of one intitled *The Phoenix*, beginning *Amanda's fair by all confess* ; and old Justice Woodcocks favourite piece of ribaldry, *When I follow'd a lass that was provish and shy*, is stolen *verbatim* from Colley Cibbers *Love in a Riddle*. Of Mr. Baker little else is known than that he was a writer of verses about the year 1730.

SONG

SONG XI.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
 Its pleasing pow'r admire ;
 But I ne'er saw a face till now
 That could like yours inspire :
 Now I may say, I've met with one
 Amazes all mankind ;
 And, like men gazing on the sun,
 With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
 When longing lovers meet ;
 Like the divining prophets, wife ;
 Like new blown roses, sweet :
 Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
 Each happy night a bride ;
 A mien like awful majesty,
 And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
 And never thought it long :
 Ah ! were you to reward such cares,
 And life so long could stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
 Would seem but as one day.

O.

S O N G X I I.

BY SIR JOHN EATON*.

TELL me not I my time mispend,
 'Tis time lost to reprove me;
 Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
 So Chloris only love me.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
 Mine poor, let them despise me
 Who more abound in milk and wool,
 So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others easier ears with these
 Unappertaining stories;
 He never felt the worlds disease
 Who car'd not for its glories.

For pity, thou that wiser art,
 Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
 Let me alone with my own heart,
 And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
 That seeks no higher prize,
 Than in unenvied shades to sit,
 And sing of Chloris' eyes.

* An old MS. copy, with some trifling variations, in the Harleian library, is under the name of *Philip King*.

S O N G X I I I .

BY MR. WILLIAM WOTY.

SWEET are the banks, when spring perfumes
 The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers.
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses, blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air;
 Ye lilies chaste! with silver heads
 As my Cleoras bosom fair.
 No more I court your balmy sweets;
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should Fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kifs of her I love.

S O N G

LOVE - S O N G S.

S O N G XIV.

IMITATED FROM A SPANISH MADRIGAL *.

B Y M R. G A R R I C K.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove
Where rival flowers in union meet,
As oft she kifs'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
'Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey fled away.

S O N G XV.

B Y S I R J O H N M O O R E.

CEASE to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms,
I muse in silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

* At the end of mr. Twiss's tour in that country.

Yet,

Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

S O N G X V I .

T H E G I R D L E .

BY EDMUND WALLER ESQ.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heavens extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

LOVE - S O N G S.

S O N G X V I I .

BY THE EARL OF DORSET.

LET the ambitious ever find
Success in crouds and noise,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With silent real joys.

Let knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And the world think them wise,
While I lye at my Nannys feet,
And all that world despise.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
And melt in court delights :
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

S O N G X V I I I .

A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO.

BY AMBROSE PHILIPS ESQ.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile. .

'Twas

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tofs'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

S O N G X I X.

IN IMITATION OF CORNELIUS GALLUS.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MY goddess Lydia, heav'nly fair,
As lilies sweet, as soft as air;
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O let me gaze on those bright eyes,
Though sacred lightning from them flies:
Show me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss;
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy bosoms killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beautys pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood?
 Thou art all over endless charms;
 O! take me, dying, to thy arms.

S O N G XX.

O N Belvideras bosom lying,
 Wishing, panting, sighing, dying;
 The cold regardless maid to move
 With unavailing pray'rs I sue;
 You first have taught me how to love,
 Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
 To all my sighs and tears replies,
 'Tis every prudent maids concern
 Her lovers fondness to improve;
 If to be happy you should learn,
 You quickly would forget to love.

L O V E - S O N G S.

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S O N G XX I.

L O V E E C S T A T I C.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

TO be gazing on those charms,
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips with those,
Whence eternal sweetness flows ;
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be blest beyond compare.

On that bosom to recline,
While that hand is lock'd in mine,
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still, and still on you ;
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be blest beyond compare.

S O N G XX II.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the sky,
To nurse the callow brood.
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such

Such fondness with impatience join'd
 My faithful bosom fires ;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires !
 The powers of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To show how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For heav'n and joys divine,
 The saint is not with raptures fir'd
 More pure, more warm than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare ;
 'Twere impious to say more :
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddesses I adore.

S O N G XXIII.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
 Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
 Contented, I had been too blest,
 If love and you had let me rest :
 Yet that dull life I now despise ;
 Safe from your eyes
 I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms ;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

S O N G XXIV.

B Y M R. G A R R I C K.

O NCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell ;
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for lovely Peggy.
Yet greater bards the lyre should hit ;
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sacred wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as, undress'd,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All pleases when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy.
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

S O N G XXV.

MAY-EVE: OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

BY MR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moons enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've feldom been)
 Mays vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rofy chaplets gay,
 'Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabors boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

5 L O V E - S O N G S.

Now lightfome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see the rosy May draws nigh ;
She claims a virgin Queen ;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

S O N G XXVI.

N A N C Y O F T H E V A L E .

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE ESQ.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray :
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day :

When from an hazles artless bow'r
Soft warbled Strephons tongue ;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove :

But

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Eshams dale !
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avonas banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams,
And every shining glance display'd
The naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-ducks tender young,
That float on Avons tide ;
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom :
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyons azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found ;
And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline :
Prove to your equals true, she cried,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountains brow,
Has won my right good will ;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

SONG

S O N G XXVII.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

NOT, Celia, that I juſter am,
Or truer than the reſt;
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my intereſt.

But I'm ſo fix'd alone to thee
By every thought I have,
That ſhould you now my heart ſet free,
'Twould be again your ſlave.

All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear ſelf I find;
For the whole ſex can but afford
The handſome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
This conſtancy is due,
When change itſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſy to be true.

S O N G XXVIII.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

NOT the ſoft fighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the cryſtal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;

Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on Indias shore,
Not all Perus unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;
Nor knowlege which the learn'd approve,
To form one with my soul can move.

Yet Natures charms allure my eyes,
And knowlege, wealth, and fame I prize ;
Fame, wealth, and knowlege I obtain,
Nor seek I Natures charms in vain ;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella ! thou art mine.

S O N G XXIX.

D E L I A. A P A S T O R A L.

B Y M R. J O H N C U N N I N G H A M.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves :
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be !
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree fung,
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young :
 Dear to the mothers fluttering heart
 The genial brood must be ;
 But not so dear (the thousandth part!)
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
 Were natives of the dale ;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale !
 My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair!
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair !
 When, in their chaste connubial love,
 My secret wish she'll see ;
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
 May Delia share with me.

S O N G XXX.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phœbus every string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the spritely bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Chloes absence light,
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live long night.

But she to-morrow will return ;
 Venus be thou to-morrow great,
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrows blessings own ;
 The darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

S O N G XXXI.

AN IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.†

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure girl never gave :
 But why in the midst of my blisses
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I'm



I'm not to be flinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee my charmer be kind,
 For whilst I love thee above measure
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.
 Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how many sands on the shore,
 When so many kisses you've given
 I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 With my arms I'll for ever infold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses
 With few will be ever content.

S O N G XXXII.

WHEN charming Teraminta sings,
 Each new air new passion brings;
 Now I resolve, and now I fear;
 Now I triumph, now despair;

Frolic

Frolic now, now faint I grow;
 Now I freeze, and now I glow.
 The panting Zephyrs round her play,
 And trembling on her lips would stay;

Now would listen, now would kiss,
 Trembling with divided bliss;
 'Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
 And in low pleasing murmurs die.
 Nor do I ask that she would give
 By some new note, the pow'r to live;
 I would, expiring with the sound,
 Die on the lips that gave the wound.

S O N G XXXIII.

T H E F E M A L E P H A E T O N.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.?

THUS Kitty * beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd;
 Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd.
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd;
 And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

* Lady Catharine Hyde, afterwards duchess of Queensberry.

Shall

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
 With Abigails forsaken ?
 Kitty's for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.
 Must lady Jenny † frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I ?
 What hidden charms to boast ?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.
 Dearest mamma, for once let me
 Unchain'd my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jennys pride quit score,
 Make all her lovers fall ;
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
 She, I was loos'd at all.
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
 Kitty, at hearts desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire !

† Lady Jane Hyde, then countess of Essex, who died in France 1722.

S O N G XXXIV.

B Y M R S. P I L K I N G T O N.

STELLA and Flavia, ev'ry hour,
Unnumber'd hearts surprife ;
In Stellas foul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavias in her eyes.

More boundless Flavias conquests are,
And Stellas more confin'd ;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britains monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like Eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beautys only store ;
Your charms will ev'ry day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.

S O N G

S O N G X X X V .

B Y D R. A K E N S I D E.

T^HE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair ;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and ivory arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win,
 Give me an animated form,
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

These are the foul of beautys frame,
 Without whose vital aid,
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new.

Of

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
 The wildest rage controul,
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair,
 But go behold Arpafias face,
 And read it perfect there.

S O N G XXXVI.

O N Y O U N G O L I N D A.

W H E N Innocence and Beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet
 Is every feature of the face.

By virtue, ripened from the bud,
 The flower angelic odours breeds,
 The fragrant charms of being good,
 Makes gawdy vice to smell like weeds.

Oh sacred Virtue ! tune my voice,
 With thy inspiring harmony ;
 Then I shall sing of rapturing joys,
 Will fill my soul with love of thee.

To

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away,
 Th' eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay. O.

S O N G XXXVII.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MY dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with loves restless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild, and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder
 But my jealous heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

S O N G XXXVIII.

THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
 Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before;
 My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
 And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
 I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
 And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.

Though o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
 Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow;
 Such painters of old drew the Queen of the Fair,
 'Tis the taste of the antients, 'tis classical hair:
 And though wittings may scoff, and though raillery mocks,
 Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.

To live and to love, to converse and be free,
 Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee:
 Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,
 Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;
 A fig for his dials, his watches, and clocks,
 He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my sight,
 Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white;
 Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
 Which are fit for the language or labour of love;.

At.

At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe ;
She shall ease my fond heart, and shall sooth my soft pain,
While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain ;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
While I have the lass with the golden locks.

S O N G XXXIX.

T H E J E N E S C A I Q U O I.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD ESQ.

YES I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Cœlia has undone me ;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—
 'Twas both perhaps or neither ;
 In short 'twas that provoking charm
 Of Cœlia all together.

S O N G XL.

S A L L Y I N O U R A L L E Y.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

O F all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em :
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Whe

When she is by, I leave my work,
 (I love her so sincerely)
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But, let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday ;
 For then I'm drefs'd, all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And flink away to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Chriftmas comes about again,
 O then I fhall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all
 I'll give it to my honey :

I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally;
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley:
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally;
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

S O N G XLI.

SWEET WILLIAMS FAREWELL TO
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

B Y M R. G A Y.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board:
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
 If my sweet William sails among the crew!

William,

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If, chance, his mates shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy Williams lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain :
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find.

• Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair Indias coast we fail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africks spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears should drop from Sufans eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay on board :
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G XLII.

FROM THE LAPLAND TONGUE.

BY SIR RICHARD STEEL.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispell the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-trees topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the ravens pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My blifs too long my bride denies,
Apace the wafting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away!

S O N G XLIII.

T H E M I D S U M M E R W I S H.

B Y D R. C R O X A L L*.

WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windfors shady kind retreat;
 Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees,
 Repel the dog-stars raging heat:

Where tufted grafs, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flowery meadow strays.

His fertile banks, with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell;
 Where'er his purer streams are seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling tide.

Lay

* " Written when the author was at Eton school."

Lay me, with damask-roses crown'd,
 Beneath some others dusky shade;
 Where water-lilies deck the ground,
 Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let dear Lucinda too be there,
 With azure mantle slightly drest;
 Ye nymphs, bind up her flowing hair,
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting breast.

O haste away, fair maid, and bring
 The muse, the kindly friend to love,
 To thee alone the muse shall sing,
 And warble through the vocal grove.

S O N G XLIV.

B Y D R. P E R C Y.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in filken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O car

L O V E . S O N G S .

O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe ?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurses care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear ;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

S O N G XLV.

BY MISS WHATELEY.

C O M E dear Pastora, come away !
 And hail the chearful spring ;
 Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
 And woods with love-notes ring :

Now

Now Phœbus to the West descends,
And sheds a fainter ray ;
And as our rural labour ends,
We bleſs the cloſing day.

In yonder artleſs maple bower,
With blooming woodbines twin'd ;
Let us enjoy the evening hour,
On earths ſoft lap reclin'd :
Or where yon poplars verdant boughs
The cryſtal current ſhade ;
O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made.

Within this breaff no ſoft deceit,
No artful flattery bides :
But truth, ſcarce known among the great,
O'er every thought preſides :
On prides falſe glare I look with ſcorn,
And all its glittering train ;
Be mine the pleaſures which adorn
This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each riſing care ſubdue ;
Thy preſence can each grief remove,
And every joy renew :
The lily fades, the roſe grows faint,
Their tranſient bloom is vain ;
But laſting truth and virtue paint
Paſtora of the plain.

S O N G XLVI.

B Y N A T L E E*.

HAIL to the myrtle shade,
 All hail to the nymphs of the fields,
 Kings would not here invade,
 Those pleasures that virtue yields;
 Beauty here opens her arms,
 To soften the languishing mind;
 And Phillis unlocks her charms:
 Ah Phillis! ah, why so kind?

Phillis, thou soul of love,
 Thou joy of the neighbouring swains:
 Phillis, that crowns the grove,
 And Phillis that gilds the plains.
 Phillis, that ne'er had the skill
 To paint, and to patch, and be fine;
 Yet Phillis, whose eyes can kill,
 Whom nature has made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song
 Makes labour and pains a delight;
 Phillis that makes the day young,
 And shortens the live-long night:
 Phillis, whose lips, like May,
 Still laugh at the sweets that they bring;
 Where love never knows decay,
 But sets with eternal spring.

* In the tragedy of Theodorus.

S O N G XLVII.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets fly;
 Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds awake, the flowers appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear!
 'Tis love and beauty all we see!

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
 Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night:—
 Arise, my love, and come away.

S O N G XLVIII.

FROM THE LAPLAND TONGUE.

BY SIR RICHARD STEEL.

HASTE, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
 Our amorous journey through this dreary waste;
 Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow,
 Impetuous love demands the lightnings haste.

Around

Around us far the rushy moors are spread :
Soon will the sun withdraw his chearful ray :
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread ;
No lay unfung to cheat the tedious way.

The watery length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flowery meadows pride excell ;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;
Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires ;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shall view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her spritely air.

But lo ! with graceful motion where she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave ;
The crowding waves transported clasp her limbs :
When, when, oh when shall I such freedoms have !

In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,
To hide her from a lovers ardent gaze :
From every touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

S O N G X L I X.

A R N O S V A L E.

BY THE EARL OF MIDDLESEX*.

W H E N here Lucinda first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay,
 Content inspir'd each rural lay.
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung ;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arnos vale.

But since the good Palemon died,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arnos sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race.
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more ;
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail ;
 Adieu the sweets of Arnos vale !

* Charles Sackville, afterwards duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston the last duke of Tuscany, of the house of Medici ; and addressed to signora Muscovita a singer, a favourite of the authors.

S O N G L.

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE.

COLLIN.

BE still, o ye winds, and attentive, ye swains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains;
The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

PHEBE.

Glide softly, ye streams, o ye nymphs, round me throng,
'Tis Collin commands, and attends to my song;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

COLLIN.

With Phebe beside me, the seasons how gay!
The winters bleak months seem as pleasant as May;
The summers gay verdure springs still as the treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PHEBE.

PHEBE.

When Collin is absent 'tis winter all round,
How faint is the sunshine ! how barren the ground !
Instead of the linnet and nightingales song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, &c.

COLLIN.

O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and Love shall be by :
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains shall repay.

PHEBE.

By moonlight, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain ;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, &c.

COLLIN.

Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports ! how lasting your pain !
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

Q 2

PHEBE.

PHEBE.

Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never tried,
 Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;
 Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
 And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
 Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
 Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

S O N G L I.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW*.

C O M E live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
 And all the steepy mountain yields.

* One of our earliest dramatic writers, and a person of great genius; which this beautiful pastoral, had he composed nothing else, would sufficiently evince. It has been generally attributed to Shakspeare, whose name requires not any addition from other peoples performances. The author was killed, by a strange accident, in a brothel, 1593.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G LII.

J THE NYMPHS REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

(" IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.")

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherds tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancys spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

S O N G LIII.

S U M M E R.

BY THOMAS BREREWOOD ESQ.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all found but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When she sings me some amorous strain ;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moons silver beams through the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambitions alarms;
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

S O N G L I V .

W I N T E R .

B Y T H E S A M E .

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost:

While the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;
 And the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow:

In



In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees the must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :

When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides;
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a croud round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies, and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire !

• Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
We may live, and no hardships endure ;
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

S O N G L V.

C O N T E N T. A P A S T O R A L.

B Y M R. J O H N C U N N I N G H A M.

O 'ER moor lands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
 As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home :
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast ;
 Fresh fruits ! and she cull'd me the best :
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast !
 I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly replied,
 (Ye virgins her voice was divine !)
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek !
 So simple yet sweet were her charms !
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together



Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

S O N G LVI.

P H I L L I D A A N D C O R Y D O N. ✓

BY NICHOLAS BRETON*.

IN the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walk'd by the wood side
 When as May was in his pride,
 There I spied, all alone,
 Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, god wot !
 He would love, and she would not :
 She said, never man was true :
 He said, none was false to you.

* A writer of the 16th century, of whom nothing more is known, than that he composed a variety of poems on all subjects, most of which are now totally forgotten.

He said, he had lov'd her long :
 She said, love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then,
 She said, maids must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all.
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth :
 Never lov'd a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth !
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse ;
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded :
 And Phillida, with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.

S O N G L V I I .

B Y T H E E A R L O F R O C H E S T E R .

A L L my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone,
 Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store,
 By memory alone.

Whatever

Whatever is to come, is not ;
 How can it then be mine ?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts and broken vows :
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

S O N G LVIII.

BY B E R K E L E Y E S Q .

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
 Can madness and reason agree ?
 O Molly ! who'd ever be wife,
 If madness is loving of thee ?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste ;
 Let us seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;
 Brief love will improve every joy ;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then,

Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
Till our best blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to-day,
We may always find time to grow old.

S O N G LIX.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

THOUGH winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet Flora steps forward again,
And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreast,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youths sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then emplôy,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

S O N G

S O N G L X.

BY MR. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

WHEN youth, my Celia, 's in the prime,
 With rapture seize the joyous time;
 'Tis Nature dictates; sport and play,
 For youth is Nature's holiday;
 How sweet to feel loves soft alarms,
 When warm in blood, and full of charms!

Dull winter comes with dreary frost,
 Creation droops, her beauty's lost;
 But Spring renews the jocund scene,
 And wakes to life the new-born green.
 When mens gay summer once is o'er,
 The genial spring returns no more;
 All then 's void of sweet delight,
 One dreary, tasteless winters night.
 How sweet to feel loves soft alarms,
 When warm in blood, and full of charms.

The sun declines, and yields to night,
 But shines next morn with orient light,
 Well pleas'd to run his golden race,
 He traverses th' immense of space.
 Not so with man, when once he dies,
 His sun is set, no more to rise;
 Dull pris'ner of eternal night,
 No more he sees the chearful light.

Then

Then take the boon kind Heav'n bestows,
 In bloom of youth, when beauty glows;
 Be blest'd to-day, perhaps to-morrow
 May clouded rise, and teem with sorrow.
 Lifes morning past, the shadowy noon
 Brings on the dismal night too soon.
 How sweet to feel loves soft alarms,
 When warm in blood, and full of charms.

S O N G L X I.

T H E W I N T E R S W A L K.

B Y D R. J O H N S O N.

BEHOLD, my fair, wheree'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Not only through the waisted plain,
 Stern Winter is thy force confess'd;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire
 Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;
 Scarce frighted Love maintains her fire,
 And Rapture saddens to despair.

In

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In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

S O N G L X I I.

TO A LADY ASKING HIM HOW LONG HE
 WOULD LOVE HER.

BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

IT is not, Celia, in our power
 To say how long our love will last;
 It may be, we, within this hour,
 May lose the joys we now do taste:
 The blessed, that immortal be,
 From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last;
 But, while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure pass'd:
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because we're sure to die?

VOL. I.

R

Fear

Fear not, though love and beauty fail,
 My reason shall my heart direct ;
 Your kindness now shall then prevail,
 And passion turn into respect :
 Celia, at worst, you'll, in the end,
 But change a lover for a friend.

S O N G LXIII.

DEAR Chloe, while thus, beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain.
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay, |
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft looks, and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love :
 And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You have often regarded with wonder ;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder :

Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door ;
And at night, when old Darbys pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother ;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other ?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow ;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove ;
For when youth and beauty are pass'd,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

S O N G L X I V.

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

At evening oft-times with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
 My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below !
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
 Again, I cry, Jenny ! sweet Jenny, again !
 I kiss her soft lips, as if there I could grow,
 And fear I'm in love, though I answer no, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me ;
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
 Who knows but she loves, though she tells me no, no ?

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
 I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own :
 Her bosoms soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
 And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no ?

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, ah ! why
 Should Prudence advise, and compel me to fly ?
 Thy bounties, o Fortune ! make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

S O N G

S O N G L X V.

B Y T H E S A M E.

HOW blest'd has my time been, what joys have I known,
 Since wedlocks soft bondage made Jesse my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain.
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

S O N G LXVI.

BY MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art;
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart :

If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found,
 'Tis sure when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G LXVII.

FROM THE ANCIENT BRITISH ?

AWAY ! let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood,
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our

* In the comic opera of Love in a Village.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from Fortunes lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung!
To see them look their mothers features,
To hear them lip their mothers tongue!

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

S O N G LXVIII.

BY MR. GARRICK*.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more ;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh ;
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar ;
 'Though music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command :
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill ;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind ;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind ;
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

* Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in the comedy of *The way to keep him*.

S O N G

SONG LXIX.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair possess'd of every charm
 To captivate the will;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm;
 Whose frowns at once can kill:
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flattery bears no part;
 An honest verse that flows sincere,
 And candid from the heart?

Great is your power, but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage.
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?

Attend the counsel often told;
 Too often told in vain:
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lovers chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG

S O N G LXX.

F E W H A P P Y M A T C H E S.

B Y I S A A C W A T T S D. D.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs,
 Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
 Find blessings twifted with their bands,
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
 That thoughtless fly into the chains,
 As custom leads the way :
 If there be bliss without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest'd as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
 Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
 To dull embraces move :
 So two rich mountains of Peru
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
 With wanton flames; those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy :

On

On Ætnas top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning drefs the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married juft like Stoic fouls,
With ofiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ftain,
Still filent, or that ftill complain,
Can the dear bondage blefs :
As well may heavenly comforts fpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ftring,
Or none beides the bafs.

Nor can the foft enchantments hold
Two jarring fouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :
Sampfons young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a favage mind ;
For Love abhors the fight :
Loofe the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rife and forbid delight.

Two kindest fowls alone must meet ;
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves :
 Bright Venus, on her rolling throne,
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupids yoke the doves.

S O N G LXXI.

F O R R A N E L A G H.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD ESQ.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicsome round !
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound ?
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex ?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call every art to her aid ;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade.
 But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air.

The

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The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal;
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure;
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But believe me you'll never be wives.

S O N G LXXII.

T H E R O S E.

B Y

CHILD of summer, lovely Rose,
 In thee what blushing beauty glows;
 But ere to-morrows setting sun,
 Thy beauty fades, thy form is gone;
 Yet though no grace thy buds retain,
 Thy pleasing odours still remain.

Cleoras smile, like thine, sweet flower,
Shall bloom and wither in an hour ;
But mental fragrance still shall last,
When youth and youthful charms are pass'd.
Ye fair, betimes the moral prize,
'Tis lasting beauty to be wise !



SONGS OMITTED.

IN CLASS I.

BY MR. CONGREVE*.

AH! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you fly?
Too charming, too relentless maid!
I follow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
When press'd by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.

THE INEXORABLE.

BY HARRY CAREY.

SHE, whom above my self I prize,
Does me above all men despise;
My faithful passion is so great,
Nothing exceeds it but her hate.

Must I, ye gods, for ever love?
Must she for ever cruel prove?
Must all my torments, all my grief,
Meet no compassion, no relief?

* In the tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*.

Charmer,

Charmer, my final sentence give;
 Let me not in this anguish live:
 But sweetly smile, and ease my pain,
 Or frown, and kill me with disdain.

LOVE RELAPSED.

IF all that I love is her face,
 From looking I sure can refrain;
 In others her likeness may trace,
 Or absence may cure all my pain:
 'This said from her charms I retir'd,
 Nor knew I till then how I lov'd;
 What present my passion admir'd,
 In absence my reason approv'd.

Ah! why should I hope for relief,
 Where all that I see is disdain?
 No pity in her for my grief,
 No merit in me to complain.
 Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
 Though robb'd of my freedom and ease;
 Still proud of the choice I have made,
 Though hopeless it ever can please.

BY

BY

THINK not, my love, when secret grief
 Preys on my sadden'd heart,
 Think not I wish a mean relief,
 Or would from sorrow part.
 Dearly I prize the sighs sincere,
 That my true fondness prove;
 Nor could I bear to check the tear
 That flows from hapless love.

Alas! though doom'd to hope in vain
 The joys that love requite,
 Yet will I cherish all its pain,
 With sad but dear delight.
 This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair
 My lot for ever be;
 But, dearest, may the pangs I bear
 Be never known to thee.

SEND back my long stray'd eyes to me,
 Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from you they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain:

But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both
 Its word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 For I'll know all thy falsities ;
 That I one day may laugh, when thou
 Shalt grieve and mourn,
 For one will scorn
 And prove as false as thou art now.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN ESQ.*

AH ! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
 The temper of my mind !
 My heart, by thee from mirth estrang'd,
 Becomes like thee unkind.

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
 I once ambitious was ;
 And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
 And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all abuse,
 Yet vain their taunts on me ;
 Friends, fortune, fame itself, I'd lose,
 To gain one smile from thee.

* In the comic opera of *The Duenna*.

Yet only thou should'st not despise
 My folly or my woe;
 If I am mad in others eyes,
 'Tis thou hast made me so!

But days like these, with doubting curs'd,
 I will not long endure :
 Am I despis'd—I know the worst,
 And also know my cure.

If, false, her vows she dare renounce,
 She instant ends my pain :
 For, oh! that heart must break at once
 Which cannot hate again.

THE DESPONDING SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON*.

TO melancholy thoughts a prey,
 With love and grief oppress'd;
 To peace a stranger all the day,
 And all the night to rest :

* The eight first, and four last lines of this song appear in the above lady's memoirs as they are printed at p. 33. and the present copy did not occur time enough to supply the deficiency. The editor had no hesitation in prefixing Mrs. Pilkington's name to this copy; as it is probable, either that her memory deceived her, or that some other mistake happened, at the time of printing her memoirs: the whole being evidently the composition of one and the same person, and possessing too much merit not to have been claimed by a different author.

For thee, disdainful fair, I pine
And wake the tender sigh ;
By that obdurate heart of thine,
My balmy blessings fly.

The stubborn rocks, than thee less hard,
Will kind compassion show ;
E'en they my loud complaints regard,
And echo back my woe.
While you, averse to all my care,
Unpitying hear me grieve ;
And add new pangs to my despair,
Nor with a smile relieve.

O think how soon that heav'ly bloom,
By which you tyrannize,
Shall fade, and share the common doom,
And death shall veil those eyes !
Then look to yon celestial sphere,
Where souls with raptures glow,
And dread to need that pity there,
Which you denied below.

IN CLASS IV.

YE virgin pow'rs, defend my heart
From am'rous looks and smiles;
From faucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles;
From sighs and vows, from awful fears,
That do to pity move;
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if through passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And where frail nature seems inclin'd,
There fix a guard of pride.
'Tis fit the price of Heav'n be pure,
And worthy of its aid;
For those that think themselves secure
The soonest are betray'd.

O.

BY my sighs you may discover,
What soft wishes touch my heart;
Eyes can speak and tell the lover,
What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
But 'tis hard and past concealing
When we truly fondly love.

BY

BY MR. MENDEZ. *

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart;
 For examples move us never,
 We must feel, to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think it all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild deceitful strain;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases,
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain.
 Soon, too soon the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe.

BY SHAKSPEARE †.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot at sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, hey nonny, nonny.

* In The Chaplet.

† In Much ado about Nothing.

Sing

SONGS OMITTED.

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Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

IN vain, Philander, at my feet
You urge your guilty flame,
With well-diffembled tears intreat,
New oaths and impious vows repeat,
And wrong Loves sacred name.

Ah! cease to call that passion love,
Whose end is to betray;
Too soon, should I comply, you'd prove
What sensual views your ardour move,
And your affection sway.

And when, to all my fondness blind,
You'd chase me from your breast,
Deluded wretch! when could I find
That calm content, that peace of mind,
Which I before possess'd.

IN CLASS V.

BY THE REV. THOMAS FITZGERALD.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt, for ah ! how soon—
How soon they all decay !
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confes'd,
With sweet discretion join'd ;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind :

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure ;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.



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